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DADA AND SURREALISM
C. W. E. BIGSBY

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Routledge &
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Quoth the dove "nevermore"

RALPH STAVINS, RICHARD J. BARNET and MARCUS G. RASKIN: *Washington Plans an Aggressive War* 374pp. Davis-Poynter. Paperback, £1.50.

MARVIN KALB and ELIE ABEL: *Roots of Involvement* 336pp. Pail Mall. £3.25.

ALEXANDER BARTON WOODSIDE: *Vietnam and the Chinese Model* 358pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £4.75.

When Edgar Allan Poe composed *The Raven*, he chose his refrain first ("nevermore"), for its emotional effect, and then thought of a subject to go with it afterwards; only in third place did he work out his tale, to fit subject and refrain. When some of Poe's compatriots write in support of the Vietnam these days, they seem to set about it in the same order. Thus, the authors of *Washington Plans an Aggressive War* start from the premise "nevermore foreign wars", then cast round for arguments to convince us of what they admit is their "initial bias", to wit that US action in the Indochina war has been wrongful, and in third place fit their narrative to those arguments.

Mr Stavins's task of demonstrating an aggressive intent is not a straightforward one, since American action has not been directed to the

overthrow of any state but to the support of one. However, he relies on the contention that the defeat of the French protectors of the neo-communist Vietnamese at Dien Bien Phu in 1954 laid South Vietnam under obligation to submit to the rule of the Indochina Communist Party; American help for the South to hold out was therefore "aggressive". On the crucial question of North Vietnamese infiltration into South Vietnam through Laos around 1961, he declares that the evidence (unspecified) shows positively that it never took place; yet Hanoi not only admits it now, but romanticizes the strategic gains by which infiltrators down the "Truong Son road" (the Ho Chi Minh trail) used in those days to cover their tracks. He quotes extensively from what purport to be classified working papers of the CIA or Joint Chiefs of Staff; yet, genuine or not, his quotations tend not to support the inferences he draws from them—most notably that American intervention followed any prior plan at all.

Mr Barnett's contribution is a tirade against American officialdom, especially against its stern loyalty checks. Apart from his personal testimony to "systematic bombing of churches and pagodas" in North Vietnam by American airmen—something which, if true, could have been accomplished in an afternoon, for few places of worship are still tolerated—his essay covers the same ground as Mr Stavins's. Mr Ras-

kin's rather moves away from Indochina, with a demand that management of the United States' national defence should be transferred from President to Congress. Last this should still not be enough to ensure that the American state can never go to war any more, he proposes an intimidating war-crimes law, applicable only to "public officials of the US Government"—by which stage the book sinks into embarrassing prolixity.

In *Roots of Involvement*, a longer but less emotional book, Marvin Kalb and Elie Abel come down against either the desirability or the probability of the United States becoming isolationist. On the contrary, they believe that the combination of "lust for wealth with yearning for God" into a "romance with Asia" evinced by Americans ever since the first clipper ship sailed there in 1784 (surely a howler?) will ensure "low-profile involvement" for a long time to come. To reach this well-convicted but vague opinion, the authors have interviewed most of the principal American actors in the Indochina conflict; their text reflects the lobby politics of Washington more than the actual Indochina issues.

Alexander Barton Woodside is not American, and he writes about the Vietnam of a hundred and fifty years ago. At first, his painstaking comparative study of the institutions of government in imperial Vietnam and imperial China might appear to have little bearing on contemporary

events. Nevertheless, it touches them at two points. First, the rural measures of "pacification" which Mr Stavins condemns United States "aggression" for introducing were already a controversial issue in Vietnam in 1830; long before Western influence; and second, far from being perpetually united against the Chinese as Mr Barnett would have

us believe, the Vietnamese even then were divided between those who identified themselves with the Chinese way of life and those who did not. Mr Barnett repeats White House aides for not knowing Vietnamese history, but the Vietnamese history has perhaps its own self-repeating refrain.

Hurry on round

KLAUS MEHNERT:

China Today

322pp. Tames and Hudson. £2.50.

Klaus Mehnert has added to the Jung list of books about China written after a guided journey round the country of a few weeks. Although he has been visiting China since 1929, and worked in Japanese-occupied Shanghai during the Second World War, this book does not seem to draw much on the lessons of earlier experience in China, though the occasional comparison with the atmosphere in early Stalinist Russia is usefully made.

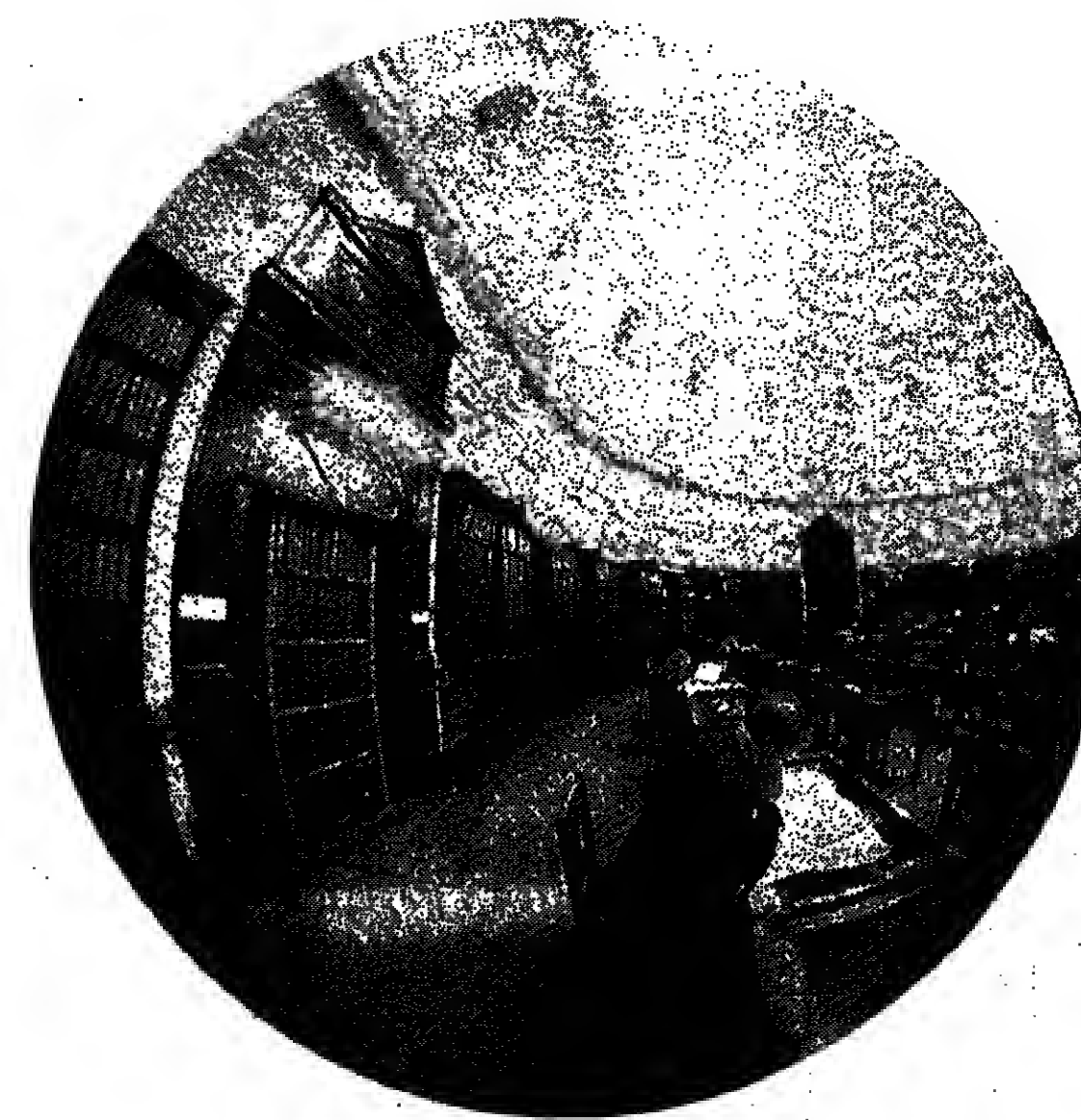
About half of the book is made up of documents (none new) and two sections, entitled "Commentary" and "Background" and dealing with many great issues in simplified summaries, more remarkable

for brevity than perception. The Cultural Revolution is dealt with in a chapter of under three pages which is about half as long as the chapter on the very complex process of agricultural collectivization and the formation of people's communes; and while the agricultural chapter covers some of the salient points, the Cultural Revolution one does not.

What is useful in the book is the reporting of conversations with middle and low-level officials, including some at the famous village of Tachai, in which Mr Mehnert presses for information on things actually work and sometimes gets answers. If only this book had been a lot slimmer, and we had been spared such chapters as "What Do They Really Think?" and "Are They Happy?", it would have been more enthusiastically recommended.

more light!

Goethe



The largest single project in publishing history has been completed with the publication this month of the 1000th volume in the Irish University Press series of *British Parliamentary Papers, 1801-1899*.

This series contains all the key sessional and command papers which inspired social and political legislation throughout the nineteenth century. Its impact on university research throughout the world derives from the fact that it documents not only Britain as a culture and an empire but also the revolutionary changes in living and working which began at that time and still affect mankind today.

The most valuable feature of this edition—whose consultant editors are Professor and Mrs

Percy Ford of Southampton University—is the reorganization of the original papers by subject. This presentation in 82 subject sets, ranging from *Agriculture* through *Colonies* to *Religion* and *Urban Areas*, has dramatically reduced the time and effort required for research.

Yet, although the work of publication is in one sense completed, in another it is only beginning. Over the next three years the Press will publish a variety of related bibliographical aids. This month the *Checklist* appears, listing all the papers chronologically and by subject. Next autumn will see the publication of the first subject-set indexes and commentaries—the finishing touch.

Irish University Press

60 Russell Square London WC1B 4HP 81 Merrion Square Dublin 2

Suite 208 485 Madison Avenue New York, NY 10022

The nationalism of the North

PAUL MUS:

Ho Chi Minh, Le Vietnam, L'Asie Edited by Annie Nguyen' Nguyen Hô 250pp. Paris: Seuil. 21fr.

WILLIAM WARBEY:

Ho Chi Minh and the Struggle for an Independent Vietnam 274pp. Merlin Press. £2.25.

The literature on Vietnam is of notoriously uneven quality. This is not surprising. A continuing war naturally arouses strong feelings, and the desire to rush into print before every last has been dotted and every crossed is understandable, even in some cases laudable. Every book that is published is not merely an account of events in Vietnam, but is necessarily also a shot in the war of words about that country.

The two books under review are both written by Westerners broadly in sympathy with Ho Chi Minh and his life's work—the attempt to create a unified, socialist Vietnam. Neither book offers, or claims to offer, a full and detailed biographical account of the life of Ho Chi

Minh: rather they attempt to relate the events in Vietnam, particularly over the past twenty-five years, to the central facts and dominating ideas of the life of their common subject.

Three years ago, when Paul Mus died, he left some extensive notes for an article on Ho Chi Minh. Mus was of course well known for his perceptive study published in 1952, *Vietnam: Sociologie d'une guerre*. Even though both the author and his subject are now dead, the prospect of a study of Ho by Mus was an exciting one. The result, however, is disappointing. In a brief foreword, Jean Lacouture hints at the rather disconnected nature of the text—a fault which appears to be due not just to the incomplete form in which Mus left his material, but also to the slightly rambling style in which he approached the subject.

Ho Chi Minh, Le Vietnam, L'Asie does not purport to be a biography, but in rather a series of reflective essays on the impact of French colonization and the Vietnamese reaction to it. There are many very perceptive passages, and some interesting speculations about, for

example, the comparative political styles of Ho Chi Minh, Mao Tse-tung, and U Nu. Mus has left a fascinating example of a kind of political writing, almost stream-of-consciousness in places without ever losing its seriousness, which has no place in French literature though none at all in English. But as a whole the book is not quite satisfying, especially as it speculates all too little on those aspects of Ho's career and history which are most mysterious or most contentious.

William Warbey's book is an infuriating mixture of insight and confusion. As a Member of Parliament Mr Warbey got Vietnam right, at least in the sense that he understood far better than most of his parliamentary colleagues the depth of nationalist feeling which underlay the successive struggles of the Viet Minh and the Viet Cong; he also perceived earlier than most the futility and injustice of the American commitment to South Vietnam. The blurb claims: "Here are the background facts which enabled the author to take up the argument with such effect against Michael Stewart and the Foreign Office apologists." This claim may be justified, but equally it might be said that the limitations of this book are also the limitations of the argument as it was conducted in and around Parliament.

The scholarly faults of *Ho Chi Minh and the Struggle for an Independent Vietnam* are conspicuous. A number of major studies, directly relevant to the themes pursued by Mr Warbey, are simply ignored. There is no mention, for example, of Jean Lacouture's biography of Ho, unless he means this when he refers to that author's book of collected writings about Ho Chi Minh. Nor is there any mention of the book by M. Laodure and Philippe Devillers on the 1954 Geneva conference, *End of a War*. The title of Harold Wilson's memoirs is given incorrectly. Many Vietnamese names are rendered without the family name—the effect being roughly the equivalent of referring to President Nixon as Richard Milhouse.

Many of the facts are presented in muddled or incorrect form. It is stated, for example, that during the Tonkin Gulf affair in August 1964, the Americans retaliated by attacking North Vietnam after the

first naval incident and before the second. This is not correct. In a later passage the date of the Tonkin Gulf resolution in Congress is given as "August 1965", whereas of course it was one year earlier. Reference is made to South Vietnam's three million Catholic voters whose presence was presumed to explain Nguyen Van Thieu's election victory; in fact the total number of Catholics in South Vietnam is reckoned at somewhere around half that figure, and not all of them of course are eligible to vote.

Some of the faults of Mr Warbey's book are no doubt due to haste in preparation and publication. He refers several times to appendices and documents at the end of his book, but these do not materialize. He mentions briefly the *Pentagon Papers*, published last summer, but he clearly has not had time to go through them in detail and integrate them with the text of his book. He states that they only served to confirm "the grotesque details of what I discovered", but this is not altogether true. The role of the CIA turns out to have been more complex and even in some respects more creditable than Warbey's narrative indicates.

The standards of evidence and proof used in the account of Vietnamese history are not always as high as they might be. There is mention in passing of secret agreements between Lord Homa and the United States Government, presumably around 1960, but there are no dates, no details, and no sources. An admission by Nguyen Cao Ky that he had the support of only 25 per cent of the southerners is used as evidence that 75 per cent of those in South Vietnam broadly supported Front; but even a cursory reading of statements by Buddhists and various political figures in South Vietnam shows that withdrawal of support from one existing ruler is not necessarily to be interpreted as the giving of support to the NLF.

Despite all its faults, Mr Warbey's book has some interesting passages. Although he passes over many of the Viet Minh assassinations of political rivals without mention, he does refer to the enforced and brutal land reform programme of 1953-56. He coins a nice phrase—"socialism in half a century"—for what Ho Chi Minh attempted to achieve in the

immediate aftermath of the 1954 Geneva settlement. He is justly critical of Mr Wilson's statements on Vietnam, which were indeed bad and effete.

Mr Warbey's account of his own part in trying to get Vietnam appointed is particularly interesting. He includes some extracts of his memoranda to Harold Wilson in early January, 1966. These memoranda, sent in response to a request from Mr Wilson for "reliable information" to pass on to President Johnson, were somewhat rambling and contained a number of assertions which were either inherently false or were not relevant to the specific purpose of the memo. It is, alas, only too easy to see how Mr Wilson could ignore these tracts, or at best fail to pass them on to the man in the White House. Mr Warbey's book is highly critical of British foreign policy, but it is also sadly revealing about the failure to change that policy from its unimaginative and complacent course.

JOHN AUDRIC: *Angkor and the Khmer Empire* 207pp. Hale. £2.80.

It is more than a century since a French naturalist, penetrating almost impassable jungle in Cambodia, came upon the enormous ruins of the former capital of the Khmer Empire, the site of which had been long forgotten, except by pious wondering Buddhists, who had managed to keep the great Wat in some sort of repair. Thanks to the work which French scholars—and chiefly those connected with the Ecole Française d'Extrême Orient—have accomplished in the course of the past 100 years, the story of Angkor, and indeed of the Khmer Empire, is no longer shrouded in mystery, which is not to say that every puzzle has been solved. Just Audric's excellent book with its drawings and illustrations, probably the best concise account of Angkor and its history in English. There have been many previous studies, particularly of the art and architecture of Angkor, but this book not merely summarizes the results of the latest historical research, it furnishes a background which makes the rise, decline and fall of this extraordinary empire.

Books from Romania

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Life with Tattile and Mamile

MARY DE RACHIEWITZ:
Discretions: A Memoir by Ezra Pound's Daughter
312pp. Faber and Faber. £1.75.

Children tend to write badly about their famous parents. The standard mixture of pety and the faint half tone of adolescent resentment recollected in middle age is unpromising enough. When the child's promise is enough of the parent, as in the recent memoir by Boris Conrad, the whole business looks dubious. The perspective is usually wrong, the tone defective, and the fragile circumstances of genius are as often as not pedestrian.

Mary de Rachewitz's memoir of her famous father, Ezra Pound, is a remarkable exception. Her title alludes to Pound's autobiographical review, *Indiscretions*, a charming, easy piece of family reminiscence written in 1920; but Pound's biographers have been anything but indiscreet about the existence of his daughter. His first biographer, a religious man named Charles Norman, failed to mention Pound's link with Olga Rudge (Mary's mother, and Pound's mistress for nearly half a century), or the existence of a daughter. Noel Stock in *The Life of Ezra Pound* was scarcely less tactful: "Pound and Olga Rudge meanwhile had become attached to each other and in July [1925] they went to Brevanone . . . where on 9 July . . . Miss Rudge gave birth to a daughter christened Maria." *Discretions* adds to our understanding of Pound's life in many valuable ways and in doing so presents as intimate a picture of the poet as we are ever likely to get. The portrait is not wholly without warts (though the author would prefer to talk about heavy marks), and the story is decidedly bitter-sweet.

Mary's mother was beautiful, gifted, a concert pianist by profession, and her father was married to someone else: she was an inconvenience, as Olga Rudge on occasion reminded her, and was fostered at birth with a family of Tyrolean farmers. She hardly knew her "real" parents save through infrequent visits, when they came like touring royalty in a large open car. The situation was difficult for her parents, and could not fail to be remarkably unpleasant for the child.

At an early age she became confused, then guilty when she saw how often the standards of her parents were. Mary was in many respects a typical peasant girl—obedient, pious and hardy, with her thick blonde hair always done up in braids—but thanks, her father, was more concerned with manners, with decorum. "He fumbled in his baggage," she recalled,

we thought he was looking for something vital. I hopelessly thought he was looking for sweets; he found his malt and scones and cut and cleaned my fingernails. And what about brushing my teeth? Sometimes I did. And blind spots? Well, somewhere. No research or criticism, but now days we mean to Brunck to equip me with theories.

Olga Rudge, Mamile, was a distant, unwelcome figure with disapproving eyes. Mary grew up.

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torn by *Hellmuth*. During visits to her parents in Venice, for the loving and basically undemanding Tyrolean peasant life with its rich customs and intimate contact with nature, and a deep feeling of unworthiness and inadequacy which she brought back from Venice, the present of her bourgeois Mamile and Tattile. By the standards of their world, filled with the music of Haydn, and the newly discovered Vivaldi, she was clumsy and uneducated. Seen from the safe distance of Gais in the Tyrol, her real parents became an awful king and cruel queen from a fairy-tale. Little Mary was the obedient princess, thrilled by the visit of a rich young American, Jas (James) Laughlin IV, who came to Gais in the summer of 1935, and who later sent her copies of *Celtic Legends* and *The Arabian Nights* in beautifully illustrated English editions—which she could not read.

Education was obviously going to be a problem. Tattile was a stickler for the highest standards of deportment: "I drink the soup from the spoon—never stick the spoon in your mouth, hold it to the lips sideways—always tip the plate away from you—never touch a peach with your fingers when you peel it." And drew up *Leins für Maria*, a Poundian decalogue, to ease her "passage from vegetable to animal life". His attention was at best detached and intermittent, as though the concentration upon technique, the paternal equivalent of the "don'ts" he once spoked out for young poets, was an adequate substitute for the loving warmth and attention he owed his daughter. Mary, filled with guilt and anxiety, adored her wonderful Tattile even more. In the end, a convent school was considered to be most suitable. Mary became a model of discipline and piety at the Regio Istituto delle Nobili Signore Montalve alla Quercia.

After leaving school Mary lived with her mother at Sant' Ambrogio, near Rapallo, and when the war broke out she served as a sounding board for Pound's broadcasts over Radio Ruitlo. He hoped that Mary would become a proficient translator, and by 1942 she was working on the *Cantos*. They proved difficult, which is not surprising, and she writes of

my own struggle to grasp, to catch glimmers of his thoughts. I had come to hope that someday, if I followed him closely, I might understand everything he said and wrote, all the references and shades of meaning, the sincerity of his expressions and intentions conveyed such dignity upon him that I felt sure he was enunciating eternal truths.

Her loyalty and devotion remained unquestioning: the violence of her father's radio broadcasts and journalism was not really his fault: "his own tongue was tricking him, running away with him, leading him to excess, away from his pivot, into blind spots." We are given a fascinating hint that Miss Rudge, who after the war compiled a little pamphlet of Pound's radio talks entitled *It This is Treason* . . . supplied new items for his speeches and articles: we hear that she read "all sorts of books, mostly history, look-

ing for facts that supported Babbo's [Pound's] ideas".

Mary remained with her mother in Sant' Ambrogio until July 1943, when she returned to Gais. She was eighteen. The rationing in wartime Italy was proving a hardship for her parents. In the Tyrol she would be well looked-after, and her ration card would be a help in Rapallo. In September, the government of Mussolini collapsed, the Allies invaded, the Germans took control of the war; Ezra Pound—after horrowing a pair of walking hoots—fled Rome and walked to Gais to be with his daughter. His sudden appearance, blistered and exhausted from sleeping rough and the difficult walk (he was fifty-eight), was a great shock. It was then that he told his daughter of the existence of a wife in Rapallo, and a son in England with his wife's mother.

After the *Repubblica di Salò* was set up, Pound returned to Rapallo—and to his radio broadcasts, which were by now a very important source of income. He continued to broadcast, his daughter explained, because he believed in the Axis. Early in 1944 Pound and his wife were requested to leave their apartment in Rapallo because it was too

close to the waterfront to be occupied by aliens; they moved in with Olga Rudge. In a note to a passage from the *Pisan Cantos* Miss de Rachewitz writes of "the stress of camps, as the news became worse (Can she not have read *Primo Levi*?) If *This is a Man*?) She tends to be terribly innocent—still the gentle little princess—of the reality of the war as her father's; her judgement of his politics are accordingly naive."

The story of her father's imprisonment and "trial" has been told elsewhere, and Mary's efforts on his behalf were not particularly important. After the war she married a young impoverished soldier, bought a castle, had three children and hoped to provide a home for her father upon his hoped-for return from St Elizabeth's, Ireland, when he joined her in 1938. The happy ending turned out to be decidedly unhappy. By then Pound was deeply depressed, and could not see eye to eye on what was "good for him". Strictly speaking, was none of my business. *Discretions*! He was not Olga Rudge with whom he has remained.

Fixed by Douglas Dunn

The world is at its weediest
And putting gardeners to the test;
My favourite butterflies flap through
The drifting wool of willow-herb
And thorns of wild roses barb
Some tiny corners of the view.
From lily-can to honey-bye
Bees take their precious loads across,
While in the shadows of the dyke
The warm damps utter moss.

Young gardens of the bungalows
That nurture lettuces and rose
Now own these fields, and the hollows
Where the bramble-brake and fern
Shimmering at noon would earn
The greenest share of light, now fill
With road and lamp-post, window-sill,
Gate and garage. Lawnmowing dusks
And the fatherly processions
Vibrate a thousand small possessions
Where the barrow-emptied bunks
Drifted over golden fields. There,
In that grain-dimmed air,
Children watched mail past tall cranes
Prime ships set for the shipping lanes.

On that southern, pastoral side
Of the steel, shipyarded Clyde,
The merchants' sump, once children hid
In the fern and forest caves,
Submerged like mice in briars and leaves
And through their lives the parish slid
On its grease of timeless blood.

Under the wooded hill, the dead
Fitz-alan took from Somerset
With local levies, a hiding child
Once sensed behind him; or the wild
Votadini; and Strathclyde's king
Listening to his minstrel sing;
While there a troop of Roman horse
Was tethered to the birch and gorse;
And here, too, John, ninth of Argyll,
Was captured in the rain, that guile
Might get its own back on the Campbells,
Ambushed in the ferns and brambles;
And gentlemen from Bar and Park
Once suddenly appeared, to stare
At finding sleeping urchins there
So strangely dressed. Their sheep-dogs bark,
And the waking children, frightened,
Could not know they'd been enlightened.
By 1800 being shown
New fumes on land it used to own.
These two friends dressed like Scott and Burns
Turned back into the trees and ferns
And wisely laughed. So out of time,
No watches tick and no clocks chime,
But only the barking of a dog
Along the river in the river-fog;
And only children now believe
St. Conval sailed here on a stone

To found a church. Faith of their own,
Legends in the shadow of the town
Defy alternatives, survive
The new or broken. Fox and frog,
Maggie and plover, they seem to sense
That they inherit every theme
Underneath what's left of what's left,
That hides the snake and soggy cleft.
The ruins of our footprints slide
Beneath waves of the silent tide.

In all its clay and woden parts,
A perfect place. For love of them,
I make into a local emblem
Mud and moss-padded banks of Carts;
The summer light on white-washed byre
And sticklebacks in all the burns
And bulbous water over stones;
The horses that the rich girl owns
Longed for by boys in Renfrewshire;
Grim driftwood that the Clyde returns
To fill the festering lagoons;
Each modest hill, and sticky blaze
Of rhododendron-coloured days
Smouldering in the afternoons.

Rivers seem smaller now, and glades
More miniature by several shades.
I should have known, for look, how big
My hands are now, those urchin's paws
That took the tall beadmater's tawse.
How big my hands; and short the riggs.
And I did not hear the laughter
In the dust that once rose after
Plough-horses on the lanes; and the smell
Of that treasured redolence,
Cut hay, did not attract at all.
Only disappointment made much sense,
As if I had come back to try
To wear the fabric of a lie,
To be a child, or re-invent
All that that childhood had not meant.

Yet there is rightness in my lies,
Visited unfactual landscape of
The inner silences of love,
The parks and trees behind my eyes:
Those certain fields through which must wade
That certain bride my life has made,
The fair grass tall on gentle hills
Down which unharried water spills
Its brilliant globes, and where I know
The place where better berries grow;
The place where happiness is set
And all renewing loves are met,
By ivied walls or by the river
When at dusk the world's a park;
And though I change, and sunlight's never
The same again, or woods so dark,
And active generations cry, "Forget! Forget!"
These are the fields of love and death,
And cannot change, were meant to be
Forever, there disportedly
The fixed and visionary part of me.

Cool confrontations

LIAM PLONER:
An Introduction
Cape, £1.

JOHN EWARD:
Gavin Eward Show
Trigram. £1.75 (paperback).

Liam Ploner's latest poems are collected in his characteristically lithic, unassuming style, a language mostly unadorned and always unobtrusive, equipped with a sardonic cutting edge which slices into social mores and pretension. The lucid clarity of the poems seems to be a kind of moral stance, as evident in the direct about wild orchids as in the aptly aptly:

... interrupted their rarity,
a rupture, with praise, with
deference

... means, not detachment,
cool confrontation—focusing an act or issue in the kind of even which crops up more than once in the poems, and pointing away emotional excess, seeking feeling and rationality in a proportion. (Mr Ploner is apt to tell us, in a poem about the death of a sparrow, that the poem "was not of excess of sentiment" but "proportionate . . . to the act.") Even on the rare occasion when imagery rises to more than a "low-slung spotlight angled on emptiness", the unelaborated clarity of the language holds the question firmly in place. The result is spare, rational, clear-sighted, an untrivial verse yet one of a complex, carefully regulated rational undercurrents.

At a time, *The Gavin Eward Show* is a refreshingly misleading. Some of the poems are, true enough, elegiac pieces, but this has the purposeful effect of objectifying rather than subjectifying the author, disarming and deflating his literary pretensions.

For a first-rate breakfast I sit in my
shirt-sleeves
begin work on my new long poem
"Yelling for Elspeth".

Thinking of thou

ALAIN BOSQUET:
More pour un amour
40pp. 16fr.

ALAIN MESCHONNIC:
Dedicated proverbs
40pp. 17fr.
Paris: Gallimard.

The title of Alain Bosquet's new collection really apt? For there is something explicitly to do with love here. It would seem rather that the poet, having produced a couple of years ago a highly successful collection of poems in the third person singular (*Notes pour une solitude*), has returned to write one in the second: Woman is naturally his most immediate second person; M Bosquet has her to mirror the world for the poet (who doubtless would be in the poet's person but is never mentioned).

It is the kind of linguistic device the French New Novel delights in, and may seem rather cerebral. Certainly *Notes pour un amour* is a loving sensual about it. On the other hand, M Bosquet's origins are surreal, and this still shows in his style for vivid, sometimes startling, imagery.

It all seems a little emotionless, even love poetry, too much the product of fluency and fancy. And brief though they are, these poems do not always rise up like small, satisfying flowers. It is part of the legacy of surrealism, which does always the same thing: never the controlled and confined, never the controlled

ANNE RIDLER:
Some Time After
44pp. Faber and Faber. Paperback, £1.

ELIZABETH DARYUSH:
Verses: Seventh Book
47pp. 80p.
Selected Poems
92pp. £2.
Oxford: Carcanet Press.

It's a complicated story full of repetitions, about a scattering, a dispersion, a diaspora. It's a love-story too and my writing as it lingers over the details of that in the dark ben swamp. Outside my the birds are singing a page out of *Lily*. The best of the poems are carefully objective, sootically descriptive pieces, combining a deft knack with lambics with a comic fertility of fancy, and revealing a humour which is ambivalently perky and glumly resigned, intelligently aphoristic and tastelessly outrageous. There is an impressive breadth of imaginative range in the book—a quirky, self-parodic inventiveness which faintly recalls Adrián Mitchell's work, but with a shrewder, more mature basis to it.

The problem with Anne Ridler's new collection, *Some Time After*, lies less, perhaps, in Mrs Ridler herself than in the notably unproductive genre in which she continues to work. It is a post-Eliotic, rhetorical, moralizing and metaphysical vein, solemn and unspiced, unrelieved by the slightest touch of humour. A poem entitled "Cornel Graft" begins "And after fifty years of blindness/ The hand of science touched him, and he saw"; that empty portentous "band of science" seems the closest thing one can get, in this mode, to actuality. This tension between high-pitched meditative generalization and quotidian detail is a continual worry: in a poem called "Sick Boy", the boy himself tends to disappear, swallowed up by cosmic contemplation. There is a tempting comparison between this style of writing, in which poems threaten to become self-enclosed liturgies rather than transmuted life-experiences, and the best work of Elizabeth Daryush, whose latest book of *Verses* (prefaced

rate be grateful for the rapid crackle of bright images which results: if the woman, the poet's "thou", is barely visible, she is at least dimly present as the screen on which these images are cast).

Henri Meschonnic is already known in France as a writer on poetics and as a fine translator of biblical poetry. In *Dedicated proverbs* he attempts the clarity and to exist via mieux que deux tu dials is", which is perhaps as much as to say: "a bird in the bush is as to say: 'The resulting style is distinctly personal: it almost totally lacks colour and visual imagery, substituting for them an intelligent and active play on words and idioms, and a rhythmic swing and balance learnt no doubt from the Bible."

Once again, these poems are brief fragments. Nor, though M Meschonnic's "thou" is constantly present, addressing these are certainly love poems, is there anything sensual, despite those like: "J'ai bien et tien malgré moi corps à l'ouvrage". For the "thou" is in the poet's work, and the interest is in the words as much as the poem, as the punning phrase seems to show. Perhaps loving is a kind of speaking. "Jo commence un langage", the poet bravely proclaims in his introduction, "qui n'a plus rien à faire de la distinction entre ailleurs et dire et agir." Or is this on more than

CHRISTOPHER LEVENSON:
Stills
48pp. Chatto and Windus. £1.25.

PETER GRUFFYDD:
The Shivering Seed
48pp. Chatto and Windus. £1.05.
Mervyn Peake:
Selected Poems
46pp. Faber and Faber. £1.35.

Christopher Levenson's *Stills* reveals a more shrewdly judged sense of form and pace, and a sharper, less complicated metaphorical diction than his last collection *Carnus*; but he still has his limits. The earlier poems in this book are for the most part descriptive exercises which, trapped (one guesses) in some doctrine of "objectivism", stubbornly refuse to look below the surfaces of things and consequently end up by doing what whole schools of like-minded poets have done as well, if not considerably better. When ideas infiltrate his verse, on the other hand, Mr Levenson writes nobly better, as in his successful "Brend and Marble Egg"; but some of the slighter offerings—satirical sketches aimed at crew-cut university administrators and frigid female sophomores—are too routinely predictable to have much impact.

The Shivering Seed, on its darkly Lawrentian title suggests, is a craggy, powerful work, but one almost ruined by an excessively elemental preoccupation (soil, boots, spade) linked to a compulsively over-metaphorical style ("puddled and weeping blood", "spin and drop of stars"). Mervyn Peake's volume is equally in danger of drowning in its own romanticism—but this time it is a doom-laden, verbally inflated late romanticism in which objects swirl and dissolve in a colourless fog, rather than, as with Peter Gruffydd, a nostalgic primitivism.

The typical tendency of French poets to adopt obviously impossible ambitions? No, let us take it as a simple overstatement by a poet who is healthy in rebellion against those who refuse art all reference to experience, and worship the text for the text's sake. M Meschonnic's is a real voice trying to speak in a real world. *Dedicated proverbs* is an intelligent and lucid, if also somewhat cool and loose, first collection.

Nineteen Poems by Paul Celan
Translated by Michael Hamburger.
40pp. Oxford: Carcanet Press. £2.

The poems in this small volume have been chosen mainly from Celan's earlier work, less hermetic on the whole, easier of access, than those in his later collections. A facsimile introduction outlines Celan's tragic life and sketches in some of the characteristics of his poetry. Michael Hamburger's translations are masterly—they preserve the musicality of Celan's work and reproduce the puzzling sequence of his imagery more faithfully than one would have thought possible. They read as though the poems had originally been conceived in English. The German originals are not included in this attractively printed limited edition. Those who find the price too steep will be glad to know that there is now a Penguin selection from Celan's poems which will include some at least of the translations in this volume.

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Ce soir, dans son lit, devant la fleur qui débordait de sa coupe, il se sentait plus jeune. Les paroles s'échappaient de sa bouche, et, lorsque, dans le silence, les mots se retournèrent, effrayés, et retournèrent chez eux précipitamment.

It was from despair, as Philippe Andoin reminds us in his preface to the new edition of *Les Champs magnétiques*, that the impulse of Surrealist automatic writing derived much of its strength. The mood of 1919 was such that not until 1966 did André Breton give permission for Gallimard to re-issue two short plays that he and Philippe Soupault had written at that time. M. Andoin suggests this was because they had marked suicidal associations for their authors. The text of *Les Champs magnétiques* itself, drawn up by Breton and Soupault as an experiment in putting pen to paper "avec un humble espoir de ce qui pourrait s'en suivre", today conveys among other things a disquieting feeling of futility, as though the subliminal message was one of emotional exhaustion and bleak defeat. Yet, springing from nihilism, it has power to stimulate and to excite the reader. M. Andoin thinks the book may have been intended to be the *live* *l'air* that Lautréamont had not had time to write; when Breton first read out *Les Champs magnétiques* in the café Le Source on the boulevard Saint-Michel, it gave the young Surrealist group a sense of contact with new and creative forces, as yet undefined. The electric-magnétique fields of the title were an image of the energies about to be released in Surrealism.

Over fifty years have passed, and as available books about Surrealism begin to outnumber the available texts of the Surrealists, it is pleasant to find that not all critiques diminish that original energy. Robert Breton's survey of the movement, *Le Surréalisme*, though intended as background reading for university students and consequently biased to work a literary approach, passes most of Surrealist doctrine under thorough review, marking out its themes with clarity: the irrational, the sacred, the subversive, and so on, while scattering useful references to prompt further investigation.

Le Surréalisme remains, as the author intended it should, a story told "sans passion", from the outside; accordingly, it is advisable to counterbalance it with the more committed book written by Sarane Alexandrian, who became an active member of the Surrealist group in 1947 after spontaneously joining to Breton's side on the occasion of the latter's violent intervention during Tristan Tzara's public lecture at the Sorbonne—the anecdote gives a guarantee that is worth taking at face value. André Breton *par lui-même* comprises both a lucid dis-

ANDRÉ BRETON and PHILIPPE SOUPAULT:
Les Champs magnétiques
187pp. Paris: Gallimard. 4.25 fr.

ROBERT BRETON:
Le Surréalisme
224pp. Paris: Armand Colin. 11fr.

cession of Breton's ideas and a coherent account of his life, the two being cleverly interwoven. By drawing out meaning from each biographical or literary detail, M. Alexandrian succeeds in meshing his evidence into a convincing tidily: the book has a natural fluidity worthy of its subject, a man who refused to compartmentalize his ideas and who by no means swapped roles when manifesting himself as poet, lover, political revolutionary and collector of arcane objects. The very divisions between chapters tend to go unnoticed thanks to the wealth of interesting photographs (many unknown or scarcely known). An instance of M. Alexandrian's empathetic approach is the way he reveals the nature of Breton's poetic and aesthetic sensibility not simply by referring to books and pictures but by examining his responses to the places he visited and the different objects he acquired. All to all, Breton's spiritual adventure comes across impressively, and one receives a strong impression of his personal magnetism.

The magnetism of André Breton, "Magus of Surrealism", as Anna Balakian calls him in her sub-title, seems both to have prompted her to write her book and then affected her control over it, since her usually clear thoughts seem here to dance about like a compass-needle at magnetic North. Though she makes it clear that she admires Breton, her large monograph, written in 1960 or less "from the outside", has none of the substance and vibrancy of M. Alexandrian's little book. Having perhaps too much space at her disposal she spreads out her discussion of the books and loses sight of Breton's life and personality. While she offers a worthwhile appraisal of Breton's literary achievements, with interesting analyses of the automatic texts, the

SARANE ALEXANDRIAN:
André Breton par lui-même
189pp. Paris: Seuil. 7.50fr.

ANNA BALAKIAN:
André Breton
Magus of Surrealism
289pp. Oxford University Press. £4.50.

poetry and the later "analogical prose", a certain inattention to tone and context makes her study as a whole emerge as a dismemberment rather than a re-casting of Breton's teaching. One particular lapse is the use of the phrase "dark humor" in lieu of *humour noir*; this registers a general tendency to compromise the tenor of the original ideas, and water them down before analysis.

The opening chapter of Paul C. Ray's *The Surrealist Movement in England* is a model demonstration of how one ought to go about explaining the basic ideas of Surrealism, which form such an organic whole that the methodological problem of exposition is considerable. Mr Ray's sixty-page summation is as good a short account as we are likely to get in English. Like M. Alexandrian, he uses the chronology of Breton's life as a background against which to weave the strands of theory, with a minimum of sub-divisions. His cogent essay strikes a fine balance between statement and example. All the cards are in play—automatism, dreams, Freud, *Les Vases communicants*, Marx, Hegel, objective chance, the surrealist object, the image, neoclassicism, humour—and Mr Ray lays them out in juxtaposition with the confidence of a man who knows the pack perfectly.

After this performance, the rest of Mr Ray's book is a let-down, though this is not strictly speaking his fault. He conducts an inquiry into the brief life of the English Surrealist movement (1931-1944), and takes its more or less chronologically through the facts he has gathered, paying particular attention to the notorious 1936 exhibition

PAUL C. RAY:
The Surrealist Movement in England
331pp. Cornell University Press (IBEG). £4.75.

The Memoirs of Giorgio de Chirico
Translated with an Introduction by Margaret Crossland.
262pp. Peter Owen. £3.25.

at the New Burlington Galleries. This is, of course, history from a distance, and as such must have errors of perspective if not of omission, which those actually involved are unlikely to let pass. Yet it represents a useful body of evidence on which to decide *grasso modo* why it was that Surrealism did not take proper root in England. Included in this evidence are notes on the writings of David Gascoyne, Humphrey Jennings, Roger Roughton and others, along with extensive meditation on the often curious attitudes of Herbert Read and Hugh Sykes Davies, ultimately non-Surrealist but of these two is made clear the fact that they were the main spokesmen for Surrealism in England around 1936 obviously counts as one of the prime reasons why it failed to cross the Channel; Read and Davies in fact denied the need for Surrealism, claiming that they had plenty of ancestors already, viz. Coleridge, Byron, Lewis Carroll *et al.*

Whether or not the Romantic imagination and nonverbal verse constitute a valid surrealist tradition, it is quite clear that the English Surrealist movement threw up no great talent, and was not "magnetized" by a true sense of collective purpose. Mr Ray closes his book somewhat tiredly with a survey of English writers whose work was only peripheral to Surrealism, an appendix that gives no comfort in as much as what he quotes here is so superior to what he quotes earlier on. But this purely literary judgment is not the only conclusion to be drawn; it is equally evident that political inactivity was another factor in the English group's demise. Breton's disappointment with the

English Surrealist was nothing but his earlier disappointment with painter Giorgio de Chirico, who he saw it, had betrayed the idiom of his "metaphysical" paintings of 1910-17 by turning to the Old Masters and seeking reputation as a Great Painter in the most reactionary style. Agnès Hemon *della via vita*, one of the first English translations of Chirico's rejected Surrealism, this score one is likely to be told, however, for Chirico was in saying nothing about the physical pictures, holding trump-cards deliberately close to his chest. Almost the only thing giving away is the admission of influence by Nietzsche in tone and Turin. He obviously enjoys his reader, for he affirms that from two or three exceptions including either of his two champions, Breton and Coleridge, he has ever understood and understood those paintings.

Willful eccentric that he is, Chirico decides that there has been a break in the continuity of his work, and he has actually offered to anyone who can prove that "rejected" metaphysical painting is a fabrication of Surrealist art-dealers, all being intent on denying his rightful status as a painter. Though they may help to clarify character, such formulations are tedious reading; plainly Chirico lacks the extra swag that a Dali to carry off his metaphors and remain amusing. Yet if one looks his spiteful ridicule of the realist group and his dyspeptic feelings about the intellectual decay of modern Italy, one can find in *Memoirs* a few well-told jokes; admirers of the early paintings of the novel *Hebdomadas* will surely find a certain "melancholy" like reminiscences, especially in the chapter on his childhood, in which the writer speaks of the "miserable delicious suspense between the delicious and the roar of a distant cannon, the enormous mechanical bottom of the gold bullet extracted from the father's thigh after a duel."

One has ultimately to admit that it is a regression to move from Source in Paris, in the tradition of Caffe Greco in Rome, where Chirico liked to air his seville gown, yet it should not be forgotten that the hypnotic canvas "Le Cerveau l'enfant" (1914) once played a inspirational role for many of the painters of Surrealism as did *Les Champs magnétiques* for its post-

erators after his father's death, one would have appreciated a detailed account of his financial affairs; it would have illuminated the problem of the intellectual prevent-dry French society. Also, his sentimental entanglements remain rather obscure. He had a wife who developed leucosis and from whom he was separated for long periods. Was the same person who bore him a son in spite of his cosmopolitanism? Roy lives so completely within the Parisian literary and political world that he seems to be writing primarily for his circle of friends and acquaintances, who can be counted on to know the basic gossip facts. By putting these facts into perspective, a wider audience, he has produced what is to some extent a volume, full of teasing and surrealist implications.

The good aspect of this book is that he has a strong sense of friendship, and for readers the most interesting part of his book will be his portraits of Breton, Paul Eluard and Louis Aragon. But there are also two little *aperçus*—de Chirico's *Champs Elysées*, for example, are beautifully phrased, and one begins splendidly with a *clerc* who has the gift of spontaneous expression in alexandrine. Le papier du coin attendait le maître. Il m'en garde un pour moi, dit-il. Madame. A...

What went on the walls

HOWARD CROFT-MURRAY:
Decorative Painting in England 1537-1700
2 vols. The Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries.
Including 79pp of illustrations.
Country Life Books. £18.

The second and final volume of Howard Croft-Murray's monumental survey of decorative painting in England tells much more coherent story than the first. For one thing, the difficulty of defining the subject-matter in the period led the author to certain exclusions and exclusions which are difficult to defend. In the second volume, the distinction is much clearer. Almost everything that is actually on the wall is decorated, of one sort or another, like those of Italy, though here true fresco was scarcely ever used, and the medium most commonly adopted, oil on plaster and sometimes canvas recessed into the wall.

The volume opens in the first decade of the eighteenth century at a moment, perhaps the high point of decorative painting in England. The fourth Earl of Ar-

first Duke of Manchester, then Ambassador Extraordinary to Venice, had just brought to England two of the most up-and-coming Venetian Settecento painters of the day, Marco Ricci and Giovanni Antonio Pellegrini, to decorate the house Vauxhall was building for him at Kimbolton and to work as scene painters at the opera. They were soon followed by a number of contemporaries, of whom Sebastiano Ricci (encouraged by his nephew Marco, apparently in spite of his erstwhile companion Pellegrini) and Amiconi were the most distinguished, though there were a number of lesser figures, like Bellucci, Damini, Devoto and the mysterious Scler, to whom Mr Croft-Murray's researches bring some half-light for the first time.

Although these Venetian artists worked mainly in the houses of the nobility and gentry—at Canons, Castle Howard, Grimsthorpe, Kimbolton, Harford, there properly illustrated at last, Mereworth and Moor Park, to mention only those where the principal schemes survive in part—the lodge-star that attracted them was undoubtedly the possibility that they might be given the opportunity to decorate the dome of St Paul's, then nearing completion. Although Wren himself is traditionally said to

have favoured Pellegrini (and how sparkling he would have made the dome look) it was a foregone conclusion, in view of the inevitably chauvinistic attitude of the Commissioners at the period of the wars with Louis XIV, that this job would in fact go to an Englishman. In order to provide an climax to the rather disjointed earlier volume of his history, Mr Croft-Murray devoted its final chapter to Sir James Thornhill, who actually carried the work out. This is unfortunate in the context of St Paul's but it is interesting to note that though Thornhill was a far less accomplished decorator than Pellegrini, like him and his fellow Venetian, the younger Ricci, he, too, began his career as a scene painter for the opera. This fact provides a clue to the origin and character of so much decorative painting of the baroque period.

The fading out of the St Paul's commission brought this most interesting phase of decorative painting more or less to a close. Most of the Italian decorative artists gradually returned to the Continent. Amiconi was an exception, but found himself reduced to the 1730s from history painting to portraiture. But changes in architectural taste made such a

break inevitable. Baroque architecture almost demanded decorative painting as its complement. Not so the rococo or Neo-Palladianism, neither of which left adequate space—except an occasional ceiling—for the decorative painter to practice his art. Mr Croft-Murray devotes a brief paragraph to this theme; but his approach is archaeological rather than aesthetic and he hardly stresses sufficiently the killing effect of such architectural styles on history painting. In France it was the subject of constant complaint by critics and eventually of governmental intervention. Fundamentally, it was this that made history painting so difficult for an ambitious English artist, Hogarth for example, and drove a potentially distinguished decorator like Hayman to depend largely on ephemeral commissions such as the decoration of Vauxhall Gardens. By the time such artists as Barry and, later, Haydon (with whom the book ends), attempted to revive history painting, the traditions of the Grand Style had withered too far for revival.

Neoclassicism provided opportunities of a quite different sort. Mr Croft-Murray deals interestingly with the painters of grotesques: Biagio Rebecca, Borgnis, etc, who worked in the style evolved by Robert Adam

and James Stuart—though one wonders whether it was really justifiable to include Clérissens's decorations of the Hotel de la Reynière from Paris (now in the V & A). These were presumably installed at Ashburnham Place some considerable time after the Revolution, probably after 1837, when the book ends. On such a basis the Raphael and Mantegna Cartoons should have been included in Mr Croft-Murray's first volume.

As with its predecessor, the amount of research that has gone into this book is most impressive. Mr Croft-Murray is an antiquarian in the true English tradition which has nowadays been almost overwhelmed by Continolet art-historical methodology. It is a valuable addition, concerned with the bringing to light of facts rather than style criticisms and analyses. His catalogue (which comprises more than two-thirds of the text) provides a wealth of information about scores of obscure painters who would otherwise have been totally forgotten. It is this, and the admirable illustrations, many of which reproduce decorative paintings hardly likely to survive another century of destruction of great houses, which makes his two volumes such an important contribution to the history of painting in this country.

The rise of the topographical

G. LINKS:
Painting and Drawing
Including 193 illustrations.
Country Life Books. £5.

Robert Burton declared in *The Anatomy of Melancholy* that there was "a good prospect" by which he meant a person of "those books of Braun and Hogenberg's five highly illustrated volumes of the *Cities of the World*". Yet J. G. Links declares in the opening section of his survey of the townscape

that topographical art did not become really popular in the sense of being practised and bought by those who were generally regarded, until the second half of the eighteenth century.

It is possibly a matter of semantics. It would be difficult to maintain that the work of the Limbourg brothers, patron Jean de Berry was not eminently respectable, nor that of Hieronymus Bosch, Vermeer or Berckheyde, or indeed any of the artists whose works fill two-thirds of the pages of this interesting book, were doing something respectable in the accepted sense of the word today.

Mr Links considers that topographical painting was only made respectable in 1763 when, after earlier rejection, Canaletto's early favourite townscape painting was at last elected a member of the Venetian Academy. But landscape painting had been a respectable art more than a century before, especially in France. This is the important European country where the author almost overlooks the Middle Ages and the thirteenth century, in a survey that ends from Pompeii wall-paint-

ing to Kokoschka. Had he studied townscape painting at Paris with the depth that he has studied it in other centres, he would have seen that the old hierarchical categories, with history painting at the top and landscape at the bottom, were crumbling long before 1763. The final death blow was given by the rise of the rococo style, which, as contemporary French artists and critics were constantly repeating, killed history painting stone dead by leaving no wall space on which it could be carried out or hung. Canaletto's rejection from the Venetian Academy was at least as likely to be due to the jealousy felt by colleagues for a highly successful contemporary who had contrived for years to hug the richest clients (and surely English dukes and other wealthy landlords were respectable in a city where art patronage depended so largely on foreign visitors. After all, Mongozzi-Columba, the quadraturist, whose art fell into exactly the same category as Canaletto's, was elected a founder-member of the Academy in 1756.

But this quick apart, Mr Links's book is a fascinating one, written with an extraordinary range of learning most modestly displayed on such heterogeneous subjects as medieval manuscript illumination, Flemish fifteenth-century painting, the topographical books of sixteenth and seventeenth-century Germany, and in particular the *vedute* painters of eighteenth-century Venice, of whom he has made a special study. The modern townscape really took life in the first decade of the eighteenth century with Brunelleschi's "inventio" of a system of mathematical perspective which he demonstrated with a view of the centre of his native city of Florence where the sky was of

biroasted silver across which clouds moved to the wind. When looked at in a mirror through a hole "as small as a lentil" placed at the vanishing point it gave an illusion of reality that must have stunned his contemporaries. There is little doubt that the illusionism of something seen on a smaller scale than in nature is one of the great appeals that townscape has in offer even today. Certainly it is what delights us in those window-glimpses of Flemish thirteenth-century towns in the backgrounds of the religious paintings of Von Eyck and Van der Weyden, of which several are illustrated.

But even two hundred and fifty years after Brunelleschi's invention, townscape artists seem to have found it difficult to get their mathematical perspective right without calling in the *concavo concavo* to help them. There is abundant evidence of this, especially so far as the Venetian eighteenth-century *vedute* painters are concerned. Indeed one of them, Francesco Costa, a minor follower of Canaletto, published an engraving showing himself using a camera to "take" a perspective of a village on the Brenta. It is a pity that Mr Links did not explore this complex question (which clearly interests him) in greater depth. Indeed he is inclined to pool-pool the subject altogether so to deny that the instrument was used for anything more serious than to produce the crude preliminary sketch of architectural detail (what Canaletto called the *scorabozzo*) which is exactly what one would have thought any well-trained artist could produce far-hand far quicker. He rejects the idea that the well-known paintings and drawings by Canaletto and Guardi with "distorted" perspective

were in any way connected with the *camera obscura*. But he does not explain their existence. True enough, the camera "cannot alter perspective", but anyone who has used a camera with a very wide angle lens will know it can produce perspective effects which are painful to look at because they depart so radically from normal vision, a conceptual rather than a mathematical matter.

That it is possible to take up such points of detail is a tribute to the quality of Mr Links's book; it explores a subject that has received very

Etcher extraordinary

PETER MURRAY:
Piranesi and the Grandeur of Ancient Rome
72pp. including 64 illustrations.
Thames and Hudson. £2.25.

Peter Murray selected Piranesi as the subject of the fourth Walter Neurath Memorial Lecture because, like the founder of Thonet and Hudson, he produced reproductions of works of art of the highest quality in staggeringly long runs. He would like as many as four thousand impressions from a single one of his etched copper plates, and he produced more than a thousand of them.

In his short text, which seems to have been taken verbatim from the lecture itself (except for the addition of footnotes and a useful chronological table), the author sets Piranesi's work against the background of the Council of Europe's forthcoming exhibition on the Age of Neoclassicism.

specific effects derive—and in relation to Italian townscape or *vedute* painting which formed so strong a strain in the art of his native Venice during the Settecento. It was there that he learnt the craft of etching (though Professor Murray states delicately that the question of in whose studio, an art which he developed into such a wonderfully flexible instrument for the imaginative interpretation of the ruins of Rome which he loved with such passionate intensity.

Professor Murray is clearly familiar with the most recent research on this extraordinary man, whose art reflects the conflicting currents of neo-classicism and nascent romanticism which are a puzzling feature of his age. His lecture provides an excellent introduction to an artist who will play an important role in the Council of Europe's forthcoming exhibition on the Age of Neoclassicism.

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CLAUDE ROY:

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Essai d'autobiographie.
566pp. Paris: Gallimard. 38fr.

This sequel to Claude Roy's first volume, *Moi Je* (reviewed here on March 12, 1970) covers the period from the end of the German Occupation of France up to 1956 and Khrushchev's revelations about Stalin. The basic emotional curve is fairly obvious. Having been born in 1915, M. Roy was still in his twenties towards the end of the war and therefore young enough to enjoy the liberation as a great experience, a new dawn. Like many other bourgeois intellectuals, he was early into the Communist Party on a wave of idealistic enthusiasm, and remained faithful in his way to Communism for about ten years. But the strains and stresses of the Cold War gradually weakened his convictions until, in middle life, he found himself excluded from the fold, again, with most of the many friends with whom he had originally joined. In this respect, *Noë* is a record of a collective disappointment: "The God had failed." A second time, and M. Roy's evidence is a further useful contribution to this and other complicated subjects. The promised third volume, *Tous*, will no doubt explain his arrival at the threshold of old age.

His style is so gay and allusive (or elusive) that one does not get a very definite picture of the main events in chronological sequence. It is not always clear, for instance, whether M. Roy needed to earn his living as a dandy, especially in the post-war period, or whether his personal disdain for the economic substructure, even if he is a Communist, M. Roy describes, quite humorously, his failure to make a go of the family

Being an intellectual with literary tastes, M. Roy was never an orthodox party member. The individualism, not to say Stendhalian or Barresian egotism, suggested by the title of the first volume, *Moi Je*, remains more or less unchanged through middle life. M. Roy is a kind of dandy, whose allegiance is to Stendhal rather than to Marx. He cultivates youthfulness, lightness and wit. When he travels across Europe, through America and to China—he has the usual left-wing reactions to the social evils of poverty, racism and exploitation, but he expresses them in a glancing style, with lots of Giraudoux-like conceits, which a severe Communist would frown upon as being undeniably frivolous. Moreover, he is something of a Don Juan, flitting from one lady to another, and his cosmopolitanism is more or less a bourgeois exploitation of the hedonistic tradition of Paul Morand, Claude Farrère and Valéry Larbaud.

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estate after his father's death, one would have appreciated a detailed account of his financial affairs; it would have illuminated the problem of the intellectual prevent-dry French society. Also, his sentimental entanglements remain rather obscure. He had a wife who developed leucosis and from whom he was separated for long periods. Was the same person who bore him a son in spite of his cosmopolitanism? Roy lives so completely within the Parisian literary and political world that he seems to be writing primarily for his circle of friends and acquaintances, who can be counted on to know the basic gossip facts. By putting these facts into perspective, a wider audience, he has produced what is to some extent a volume, full of teasing and surrealist implications.

The good aspect of this book is that he has a strong sense of friendship, and for readers the most interesting part of his book will be his portraits of Breton, Paul Eluard and Louis Aragon. But there are also two little *aperçus*—de Chirico's *Champs Elysées*, for example, are beautifully phrased, and one begins splendidly with a *clerc* who has the gift of spontaneous expression in alexandrine. Le papier du coin attendait le maître. Il m'en garde un pour moi, dit-il. Madame. A...

BRIEF LIVES

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John Gross, Dan Jacobson, Alfred Kazin, Conor Cruise O'Brien, V. S. Pritchett, I. A. Richards, Stephen Spender, George Steiner and Lionel Trilling.
828 pages £7.00

Allen Lane The Penguin Press

THE NATURE of the German revolution of November, 1918, has been a huge of contention among historians ever since Arthur Rosenberg published his critical account of it in the 1930s. Recently, a good deal of serious work has been carried out on this subject in Germany, and many important source materials relating to the revolutionary period have been published. On the whole, German scholars are now concerned to refute the view—which had been widely accepted by their predecessors—that in 1918 the provisional German government headed by Friedrich Ebert was seriously threatened by the radical revolutionary movement which culminated in the "Spartacist" rising of January, 1919, and which threatened to saddle Germany with a Bolshevik dictatorship. This view implied that Ebert had no choice but to seek help from the more conservative forces of "order" to prevent the country collapsing into chaos.

An investigation of the political attitudes of the workers' and soldiers' councils—from which Ebert's government drew its authority after the collapse of the Hohenzollern Empire—has made it clear that, however important the Russian model may have been in stimulating the creation of the councils, the opinions prevailing in most of them were far from sympathetic to Bolshevik experiments. Their supporters usually behaved with caution and moderation. Hence responsibility for the feeble showing of the revolutionaries is now more commonly placed upon the shoulders of Social Democratic politicians—men like Ebert, Scheidemann and Noske. They are blamed for their lack of vision and determination—defects which inhibited them from exploiting the opportunities available in a country where the old regime seemed overnight to have lost both its physical power and its moral authority. There is a great deal of weight in this argument, but it would be altogether too facile to imagine that a few more vigorous leaders to Berlin could have forged a stable democracy in Ger-

Germany's revolution

many without running serious risks of civil war.

F. L. Carsten's masterly study is free from any such over-simplifications. It is based on a detailed and comprehensive knowledge of an immense range of original sources and makes skilful use of published research. It also breaks new ground by attempting a serious comparison of revolutionary events in Germany with those in Austria and Hungary. The case of Austria is particularly interesting, and its significance has tended to be neglected by German historians. Austrian social democracy developed differently from its German counterpart during the First World War and its leaders were considerably more successful in attaining their objectives during the immediate postwar period. Nevertheless, before long they too suffered defeat.

As befits the historian of the German Reichswehr, Professor Carsten is concerned with explaining the failure of the republican leadership in Germany—supported as it was by apparently "revolutionary" soldiers' councils—to break the influence of the old German officer corps over the armed forces. Ebert and his colleagues—including the Independent Social Democrats—took the view that without the technical expertise of the Imperial High Command, German forces on the Western Front could not be evacuated in accordance with the terms of the armistice. Yet, in the case of Austria, the army on the Italian front

F. L. CARSTEN:
Revolution in Central Europe, 1918-1919
360pp plus 21 plates. Temple Smith £4.50.

was in a state of disintegration and its command structure had virtually ceased to exist. Soldiers fought their way on to homebound-bound trains. Those who could not find room in the carriages travelled on the roof; many were killed passing through tunnels. It was not a well-drilled evacuation, and it caused concern for public order in transit areas; but within a remarkably short time it was successfully completed, without the need for complicated staff work. It proved that, so long as the railways were operating efficiently, demobilization need not prove an insoluble problem for a revolutionary government. Perhaps General Groener was not indispensable after all.

The republican government in Austria was successful also in creating an armed force which was both well-disciplined and loyal to its political masters. This was the Volkswehr, organized by Julius Deutsch. Deutsch encouraged social democrats to enlist in the force and restricted the part played in it by the old Austrian officer corps. When, in 1920, a professional Austrian Army was set up in accordance with the terms of the peace treaty, Deutsch was able to incorporate many Volkswehr elements in it. This army remained a non-political force, obedient to the government of the day. Deutsch's success showed that social democrats and trade unionists could be persuaded to serve in a Republic army provided they felt confidence in its leadership. The Austrian example contrasted favourably with the notoriously lopsided recruitment policies of the German Reichswehr.

Deutsch and his Austrian colleagues were helped by the fact that the Austro-Hungarian army was in complete collapse by November, 1918, and also by the comparative unity of the Austrian Social Democratic movement, whose leaders stood consistently to the left of men like Ebert and Scheidemann. Partly for this reason the Austrian government seems to have enjoyed a better relationship with the workers' and soldiers' councils than was often the case in Germany. The Austrian workers' councils were developed after the revolution had already

destroyed the Habsburg regime, and they were always more firmly under the control of the Social Democratic Party. In Germany they had sprung to life spontaneously, and sometimes—as in Munich or Bremen—they supported radical leaders hostile to Ebert's SPD. Although most of the German workers' councils acted constructively and with conscious restraint, many SPD politicians regarded them as potentially subversive bodies that might interfere with the smooth working of the German administrative machine.

The chance to exploit the voluntary effort represented by the councils in order to mobilize working-class enthusiasm for the new regime was lost. Hopes that the councils might play a part in the demilitarization of German government or the "socialization" of industry also proved vain. The government encouraged civil servants on a national and provincial level to restrict the competence of the councils and to give them only an "advisory" voice in public affairs. Wherever possible their functions were to be limited to the task of maintaining order pending the return of "normal" conditions.

Ebert and his associates were only partly to blame for the feeble showing made by the council movement. Professor Carsten provides fascinating illustrations of these bodies at work in many parts of Germany and Austria, and it is clear that in both countries they were merely self-confident or determined enough to establish the kind of authority which could challenge the Prussian *Landrat* or the Austrian *Bezirkshauptmann*. Although some of the councils did sterling work in the field of food-distribution and housing control, they never managed to eliminate the old municipal or provincial authorities, except in some very short-lived and usually disastrous instances. The revolution suffered also from the conflict of interests between town and country. Professor Carsten is especially interesting in his comments on the peasants' councils which appeared in various parts of Germany and Austria. These did not create a revolutionary situation in the countryside, but tended to defend the farmers against urban demands for food supplies at restricted prices. The war on the black market was one of the most prominent features of German and Austrian domestic life in the postwar period, and it tended to set the farmer against the urban worker.

Top brass in concert

SAMUEL R. WILLIAMSON, Jr.
The Politics of Grand Strategy
Britain and France Prepare for War, 1904-1914
400pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £6.

After Andrew, Rolo, Moriger, Callwell, Roskill, Marder and others, it is not at first sight easy to see what contribution Samuel R. Williamson can hope to make to this topic. He has not seen any new collections of documents and he has not been able to consult many of the archives, both in London and in Paris, which are now open to inspection. In fact, it is curious to see how many of the private papers, listed in the bibliography, are described as having been of only limited use to him. But if one looks beyond such items as the first Moroccan crisis and the start of military conversations which have been better described elsewhere and turns to the close and detailed

examination of the military and naval consultations, certainly up to 1912, then one realizes how valuable *The Politics of Grand Strategy* is. It is not that there are any major surprises but Professor Williamson's account demonstrates more clearly than has been done before, the nature of Anglo-French strategic thinking. An example of this is his account of the remarkable and unprecedented all-day meeting held by the Committee of Imperial Defence on August 23, 1911. This meeting (which was not attended by Kitchener because he was sure that the Germans would beat the French and he wanted no part in any decision concerning British involvement on the continent) discussed the role of a British expeditionary force. There were arguments for and against it, there were speculations concerning its strength and implications, and there were revelations of how the Admiralty and the Army were failing to cooperate with one another. All this is well set out and, compared

upon by Professor Williamson. The author is sounder on strategic matters than on political, and so far as strategic matters were often of considerable political significance, this is an undeniable weakness. When he discusses political events, Professor Williamson is not always convincing when he discusses the reasons for Lloyd George's intervention in foreign affairs in his Mansion House speech (he says it was "Churchill or one of the senior Foreign Office officials" who put the notion of speaking on the ocean issue, and he also says there was a move by Asquith and Lloyd George to reduce radical interference in foreign policy). But it is noticeable when he comes to August 1914, discusses both the political and tactical issues of whether Britain was free to intervene and whether there was any danger of the manner of intervention

What are husbands for?

Even more damaging to the workers' councils in Germany was the fact that their most vocal and wing supporters saw them as a means with which to fight another more extreme revolutionary stage, and thus tarred them with the brush of Bolshevism. The deep conservatism within the USPD prevented moderately progressive concepts emerging about the future of the councils in a democratic society. All too often the position of the workers' councils was weakened by the fratricidal conflict between SPD and USPD, a conflict which was much with the past and created by the events of the First World War, during which the Imperial regime's military machine while others languished in prison were hounded from their posts, not forgotten. There can be no doubt that this unholy alliance, these two sets of rules, though separately for purposes of the anti-republican forces, were duly shown to be interlocking. Nonetheless, Professor Mair would expect, remains quite large "book on marriage in the light to kinship, which every student ought to be able at least to

talk about"; he holds that rules for the exchange of women between social groups must have been expressly devised by the leading minds of primitive societies. "Well, perhaps they were", comments Professor Mair kindly; "no one can say."

For this, despite a lively chapter on marriage strategies, is frankly a book about marriage, not alliance; and very refreshing it is. The rules obtained in different societies are not reviewed; but the emphasis is always on the people that live by those rules, that manipulate them or suffer under them or, sometimes, manage to evade them. Getting married is everywhere expensive; Professor Mair discusses why this should be so, and how people in various societies manage the difficulty. Everywhere, too, marriage is tied up with other, non-economic values, with prestige and honour, with the dread of conflict, as well as the more obvious emotional values; Professor Mair shows how all these things are expressed in the accompanying ritual. But along with the symbolic expression of solemn values, marriage ceremonies

often have a playful, "fun" side not always apparent from ethnographic description. This, too, is highlighted here, as are the genuine stresses and fears experienced by the bride and her kin as well as the husband's social kin. It seems a pity, incidentally, that Professor Mair, so deft at redressing the occasional imbalances of her male colleagues, does not comment on why hypergamy, alone among technical terms evolved in the discussion of this subject, is defined and seen by all anthropologists from the woman's point of view.

A more serious omission occurs in the chapter on the termination of marriage, where some mention should surely have been made of J. A. Barnes's work on the collection and use of divorce statistics. But such minor flaws are amply outweighed by the sheer scope of this little book, as well as its good humour and good sense. The final chapter deals with "modern times" essentially to Africa and Asia; but much of it, and especially the discussion of *femmes libres* and *femmes libres sérieuses* in the Congo, cannot but provoke thoughts on female eunuchs,

sensuous women and the feminine mystique in general. The relevance is all the more telling for not being made too explicit.

It is good, too, to see a second edition of one of the works recommended by Professor Mair in her "Suggestions for Further Reading": *Marriage in Tribal Societies*, a collection of four papers (all of them, oddly enough, also by women anthropologists) edited by Meyer Fortes and first published ten years ago as part of the Cambridge series of "Papers in Social Anthropology" (and reviewed here on July 27, 1962). These detailed studies illustrate, in rather more technical terms, many of the points made by Professor Mair in her general review, particularly as regards marriage strategies, bride-wealth payments and divorce. Three of the studies are of African societies; the fourth, by Marguerite Robinson, is an illuminating reappraisal of Malinowski's data. Professor Fortes's introduction, with its suggested interpretation of marriage choices in terms of the Theory of Games, remains a useful and stimulating contribution to the subject.

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The priority of praxis

LUC DE HEUSCH:
Pourquoi l'épouser?
330pp. Paris: Guillaumin. 37fr.

If there is a common theme to these essays, mostly reprinted from various journals, it is, as Luc de Heusch himself says, that they relate to structural anthropology, whether as defence, criticism or illustration. As such they might be of value to English readers, since Professor de Heusch seems a good deal less alien than Lévi-Strauss himself. He deliberately distances himself from the enthusiasms of the Paris intelligentsia that have obscured the scientific status of Lévi-Strauss's work; equally he avoids the literary and rhetorical conceits of the minor. As an Africanist he discusses the kind of material that is familiar to us, and is aware of the issues with which British anthropology is concerned.

Two of the essays, which discuss the development of the structural approach through Lévi-Strauss's work, are especially interesting. In several early papers Lévi-Strauss boldly, and candidly, borrowed the approach of Roman Jakobson's linguistics in an attempt to illuminate the central features of kinship systems; and *Les structures élémentaires de la parenté* promised to develop this approach. In fact, however, it does something different: it analyses kinship systems in terms of the exchange of valuables, which is neither the same thing as linguistic communication nor reducible to it. Indeed all social life has a linguistic aspect; but language, the categorization of women, and the production of valuables represent different modes of the transition from nature to culture, between which the differences are as significant as the analogies. Actual kinship systems are determined more by praxis, by economic and political relations, than by the logic of language or thought.

With *Le Totémisme aujourd'hui* Lévi-Strauss applied his method to more suitable material: for totemic systems are indeed systems of classification rather than of social structure. Professor de Heusch sees *La Pensée sauvage* as a retrogression, and indeed an indiscretion. The comparison between totemic and caste systems is ingenious but ultimately deceiving; for systems of caste, like kinship systems, are determined more by praxis than conceptual structure. It is only with the initiation of *Mythologies* that the method finds its proper field and is able to develop its exceptional fertility.

So far so good; but with a second essay covering the same ground, and entitled "Signes, réciproques et marxisme", one realizes more clearly how far away from Professor de Heusch's praxis is the social, let alone

according to his introduction, to "sitier Marx dans le jardin de Lévi-Strauss"; a major part of the essay is headed "Lévi-Strauss dans le jardin de Marx". Despite the fact that Professor de Heusch is explicitly concerned to show that structuralism is not a philosophy, that there are several distinct structuralisms even within the work of Lévi-Strauss, one is left with the unhappy suspicion that he sets praxis against structure, because the facts demand it, and that because he is a Marxist as well as a Lévi-Straussian.

It is not surprising therefore that Professor de Heusch never meets the major objections that Anglophone anthropologists raise against Lévi-Strauss. He praises the fecundity of Lévi-Strauss's thought; and in one of the minor essays in this volume he expresses delighted surprise at how clearly the mythological code of Lévi-Strauss can be traced in some legends of the Bakongo. He fails to consider that it is just this ready and endless applicability of structural analysis which raises most doubt about its scientific value—even though in another essay he has questioned the ontological status of the

vision American field from which Lévi-Strauss draws his mythical material. Taken as a whole, *Pourquoi l'épouser?* is less rewarding than it might have been; partly because Professor de Heusch is too committed really to come to terms with the critics of structural anthropology, partly because the essays were written before the later volumes of *Mythologies* had so to speak, choked the enterprise in their unlimited fecundity. Nevertheless it contains essays, less centrally concerned with structuralism, which are well worth reading. In particular, Professor de Heusch's enthusiastic review-article on Mircea Eliade's *The Sacred and the Profane* is brilliant; it not only distils the essence of Professor Eliade's own analysis, but significantly deepens it by a powerful analysis of the real meaning of the term *mythos* (which Eliade translates as "mythos" but which more accurately translates as "mythos" and "mythos"). Two papers on the various forms and usages of spirit-possession in Africa, though to some extent they duplicate the analyses of British anthropologists, are excellent in resolving confusions and posing problems.

Tough nutshell

ZAVELI BARBU:
Society, Culture and Personality
An Introduction to Social Science
183pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £2.10 (paperback, £1.10).

Zaveli Barbu treats of large subjects. He has written an introduction not just to one social science but to Social Science, within the compass of one short book. This includes fourteen pages of preface, in the course of which he explains that, while writing it, his initial effort to keep the presentation relatively simple "became less and less effective". However, a number of students who read the manuscript expressed their preference for what he considered to be the most difficult passages and chapters. The resulting short text is perhaps more suitable for social science graduates than for the first-year student who might legitimately complain at being confronted, without any prior explanation of the terms involved, by passages like the following on Durkheim:

In his concern to demonstrate the comparative method, he made himself liable for the error of over-definition in two particular senses. First, he defines two modes of social organization in their pure form, as almost ideal types. Secondly, he goes a long way towards identifying his concepts. Take, for example, the concept of mechanical

solidarity. To understand the meaning of such a concept it should be enough to say that integration is consensus, i.e. a social condition resulting from shared beliefs, sentiments and values. But this would not do for Durkheim, because consensus implies convergence of individual consciousness and would thus be a purely mental phenomenon. In other words, the whole approach of social psychology...

and so on, as though the reader is assumed to have already completed a course in sociological theory. Among other things, this little book is intended, hopefully, to wear a certain category of student from "wonting to know more and more about Karl Marx" by presenting "tonable alternatives to the Marxian conception of society". Another general idea the book embodies is that "sociology is not, and cannot be considered, a pre-emptive science"—it is "still in need of basic principles of orientation and growth". And, finally (to characterize what is particularly to Professor Barbu's approach), there is an unusual emphasis, for an introductory text in a sociology series, on anti-historical synthesis, such as those of Wollfson, Feilchen, Melt and O'Neil. However interesting and valuable these may be to their own right, the attempt to assimilate their kind of generalization in a sociological context may tax the intellectual capacity of a first-year student.

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Souvenir Press

Lighting a lamp

TRESCAM LEVILL:
Clayton of the 11
26pp. John Murray. £3.

"Tubby" Clayton—hardly anyone ever called him Philip—was born in 1885. Clayton was a Londoner with the City in his bones. He was educated at St Paul's School, and went with a school exhibition to Oxford, where, to his surprise, he got a First in Theology. Ordained, he was one of Garbett's curates at St Mary's, Portsea, that nursery of eminent clergymen, and in spite of Garbett's discipline his exuberant spirit seems to have remained un-suppressed. When the First World War came he joined up as an Army chaplain, although Garbett was anxious that he should not leave.

The war produced many outstanding chaplains distinguished for their courage, and Clayton's DSO was well-earned. But it was when he got to Poperinghe, a small French town not far from the front line, that he "found himself". He was in charge of a kind of rest house, a makeshift barrack where men passing to and from the line could get simple meals, perhaps a bed, and sometimes found their way to the chapel in the attic. There were similar places, but what made this one known everywhere was Clayton himself. He named it "Tubby House" in memory of the younger brother of his friend Nevill Talbot (later to be a bishop), Gilbert, who was one of the early victims of the war. Clayton rejected its original name: "The Church House", and then changed it again into army tele-graphic: "Toc H", which it remained.

He was ideally fitted for the post. He was the type of man who is immediately and genuinely friendly—merciful, garrulous—and there were always men who found their way up to the chapel where the obvious elocution of Clayton's own religious life produced a quick response: many of the men passing through put their names on a list as candidates for ordination when the war was over. Yet he never pushed his religion at anyone, and men were entirely free simply to enjoy the amenities of the house. He wrote letters, he helped in

every imaginable way, and he enjoyed every minute of it.

When the war was over, it seemed that Toc H would end also; but Clayton had become a man with an idea. Toc H had meant Christian charity and service, and Clayton saw that as the Church's main duty. He decided that Toc H must survive, and not only the house, which could be a meeting place for visitors to war graves, but the thing itself, the great idea. He travelled endlessly, establishing branches all over England, and gradually over the world—and each one had its lamp, "the Toc H lamp", the first of which was lit by the Prince of Wales at a meeting in the London Guildhall. England was in the mood for such memorials. To those who survived it, the war, with its friendships and its genuinely poignant memories, had suddenly become inescapably real. Tubby caught the mood of the moment, just

as Dick Sheppard did when he turned the riotous party in the Albert Hall to a religious ceremony on Armistice night. From his huge list of eminent friends money poured in, and Clayton had his dream.

Will it survive? Although the ceremony in Whitehall is still crowded, the numbers round the village War Memorials dwindle each year, and even the Second World War is a memory only to those approaching middle age. To most people now, "Toc H" can convey little or no meaning; Clayton himself is well into his eighties. It is impossible not to think that the dream will fade, but whether it fades or not Clayton's achievement will not fade. It is not merely sentimental to say that Clayton gave faith and hope and love to countless men continually faced with death. This very well written biography will allow those whose curiosity is stirred to see what such a man was like.

Raising a giggle

CHARLOTTE BINGHAM:
Colonel Among the Grass
155pp. Heinemann. £1.80.

At the age of twenty Charlotte Bingham scored a sensational success and made a large sum of money with a wide-eyed little book, *Colonel Among the Weeds*, which described the adventures of a young woman of the upper classes among the "debs" delights "who were the weeds" of the title. No doubt it was far from easy writing: few things are more difficult than making the deliberately naive ring true. The author was dismayed by the ballyhoo that went with the success but was sufficiently realistic to find recompense in the cash: indeed, how many writers would not breathe an amen to Belloc's:

I'm tired of love, I'm still more tired of rhyme.
But money gives me pleasure all the time.

Nine years on she has repeated the recipe, save that this time the coronet bows through the reek of the kind of grass that never clothed a

lawn. Why? Miss Bingham is a big girl now, a wife and mother, half of a hard-working married script-writing team. At twenty-nine you almost need pithballs to keep your peepers dislodged in the delicious vacuity of twenty. Unless you are a bad case of arrested development, which Miss Bingham clearly is not, it is unlikely that you will find it wildly funny to refer to your husband as *Clever Drawers* (U for smartie pants?) and the effort to pretend that you do becomes increasingly difficult to conceal. Also, the professional in Miss Bingham must surely have given a warning whistle when she proposed to drag in the well-worn bit about the holiday villa in Spain, but she would have done well to heed it.

So, again, why? Possibly the author wanted to prove that her early book was no happy accident but a technical tour de force which she was capable of repeating. Having demonstrated the fact, with whatever degree of conviction, she should now feel free to look at the world through half-closed eyes and give us a grown-up book about it.

Compilations

JOHN NICHOLS:
Minor Lives
A Collection of Biographies.
Edited by Edward L. Hart.
367pp. Harvard University Press.
London: Oxford University Press.
£6.

The trade of compiler, so fruitfully followed by Aubrey, Spence, Nichols, and many other lesser but useful men down to the end of the nineteenth century, is now extinct. Compilers give themselves no air of scholarship and claimed no journalistic glamour of revelation. Their motive was a kind of bookish curiosity, picking up here an anecdote, there a letter, somewhere else a recollection or a funeral inscription, and stringing them together to provide such precious repertoires as the many volumes of Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes* and his *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*.

Nichols, a printer and antiquarian who edited *The Gentleman's Magazine* from 1792 until his death in 1826 was among the most tireless editors and compilers the world has seen. He edited Swift and Hogarth, collected the correspondence of Steele and Atterbury, and put out a biographical dictionary, a complete history of Leicester which still stands high in the ranks of the mammoth county histories, as well as the seventeen volumes of *Anecdotes and Illustrations* which have ever since been a quarry for hagiographers and historians of the eighteenth century.

Edward Hart has skillfully assembled from the mass of material, including obituary notices in *The Gentleman's Magazine* itself, twenty-eight biographical articles connected with figures in what might broadly be called the book trade, in which Nichols himself was such an important figure. Some are antiquarians and learned journalists, such as Horace Walpole's spiteful friend William Cole, and Samuel

Johnson's colleague George Steevens. Others are notable publicists such as Lintot, Longman, and Scottish iron, Cadell, Miller, and Strahan—the last of whom was only one of the greatest publishers ever to flourish in this country, the first of the calling ever to be a Parliamentarian. The third group, technicians of book production, are: Caslon, Baskerville, and others.

One may deplore a little such conceptions as *Bookmen's Lives* and *the literary world*, when one considers the immense and lasting achievement which still dominates typographical history, in particular, the most unusual character—a man who was not in use, and so it is not surprising that Nichols should have been so keen to isolate him from unconnected ground, left behind him a deficit of conditions of which Nichols felt obliged to suppress as blasphemous. Nichols, though even so they tell much about the literary world of his days. An example is the book-hunter, Samuel Boyse, who sometimes in such dire poverty he was reduced to pawning his clothes and working in bed, the publisher for whom he was working was faced with the overhead of perpetually re-editions of the original text from the publisher to enable the work to proceed.

Mr Hart's work has been well indeed lovingly done. He has fetched out of the immense collection of Nichols's work and placed together a series of portraits which will be most valuable to any student of the eighteenth-century book world. Such books provide a much-needed element of depth and richness in a landscape which is traditionally dominated by a towering figure about whom there is more than enough known.

The laird's acres

JOSEPH MITCHELL:
Reminiscences of My Life in the Highlands 1884
Volume 2
266pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £3.75.

Joseph Mitchell, who had been trained by Thomas Telford, succeeded his father as chief inspector and superintendent of Highland Roads and Bridges, and apart from a short interval spent sheep-farming on Lochness-side, abandoned when a suspicious black loss in his ewes followed his initial refusal to sell to a neighbouring large landed proprietor spent his whole life in the construction of roads and railways in the Scottish Highlands. This, the second volume of his reminiscences, was in the press at the time of his death, but was suppressed for fear of the big Highland landowners. Mitchell had known many of these lairds and their agents and factors, personally, and wrote about their family history, with refreshing candour and good information.

Mitchell, who was a thoroughly practical man, appreciated the good that could be done by a benevolent autocrat in the Highlands. But he saw only too plainly the evil consequences of the excessive size of the estates, the vast political and economic power of the proprietors, the ownership and personal extravagance, and he described how the evil consequences of these things were felt throughout the social structure of the Highlands, producing such results as the clearances (about which, especially in Sutherland, he was very well informed), the destruction of the

tacksmen (the middle class of the rural Highlands), and the polarization between the large sheep owners and the large sheep tenants on the one hand and the small agricultural labourers and crofters on the other. Mitchell pointed out that in 1700 people; the Government had deprived the Highlanders of the right of distilling, had taxed the whisky for its own advantage; but had not been prepared to tax or control deer forests, do anything to prevent the depopulation of the Highland people.

At a time when the Highland branch railway lines, such as the one to Mulling and Kyle, are threatened with closure, Mitchell's views on railways are of great interest. He deplored the creation of numerous branch lines in England during railway speculative fever of the late nineteenth century, but was expressing himself strangely in favour of unified development and Government control. He favoured also the development of the Highlands, arguing that this would benefit Scottish fisheries and consumers by making fresh fish available in the south of Scotland. It is not difficult to see what Mitchell would have felt about the railways losing the first half of the Second World War.

Mitchell's reminiscences are only very readable but also very quotable; and are important studies of the economic history of the Highlands. Too often written in the style of a travelogue, this subject either have had no interest, or have avoided discussion of the financial affairs of the Highlands, or have been taken into consideration. It is not more complete picture of the Highlands, but it is a valuable contribution to the interest of the book.

All in ten years

ALEXANDER LLEWELLYN:
The Reformation
Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £3.95.

Since the late Philip Guedalla's *Men of the Middle Ages* we are used to the Hundred Years War, technicians of book production, and the events of the 1830s must be made intelligible, be seen in a wider background. To be able to do this does not seek over-kill to impose Procrustean limits on a subject-matter. Nevertheless, it would have been very gay staying with Procrustes even if his famous bed was not in use, and so it is not surprising that Nichols should have been so keen to isolate him from unconnected ground, left behind him a deficit of conditions of which Nichols felt obliged to suppress as blasphemous. Nichols, though even so they tell much about the literary world of his days. An example is the book-hunter, Samuel Boyse, who sometimes in such dire poverty he was reduced to pawning his clothes and working in bed, the publisher for whom he was working was faced with the overhead of perpetually re-editions of the original text from the publisher to enable the work to proceed.

Mr Hart's work has been well indeed lovingly done. He has fetched out of the immense collection of Nichols's work and placed together a series of portraits which will be most valuable to any student of the eighteenth-century book world. Such books provide a much-needed element of depth and richness in a landscape which is traditionally dominated by a towering figure about whom there is more than enough known.

Althorp had recruited him by accosting him in the street and saying "Hullo London would you like to be on a Commission?" Thinking it might be for something good I said "Yes" and his lordship put me on.

This movement, like the struggle for free trade and the growth of a "liberal" foreign policy, cannot be compressed within the decade, although those were the years of germination. But Mr Llewellyn is correct in saying that these ten years include the birth and creation of something very much resembling our present two-party system, with a

Whips office and party organization that a present incumbent would easily recognize but which feel to his detriment overlooked.

Mr Llewellyn starts by paying due tribute to Eric Hobsbawm's *History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century*, but he ought not to describe him as a "Dreyfusard", a word, according to Professor Guy Chapman, "coined as a term of opprobrium for those who saw in the case an opportunity for political and personal advantage". Also, since the Greville diaries are required reading, it is a pity not to have used the Roger Fulford-Lytton Strachey edition of 1938, rather than Reeve's much curtailed edition of 1874. Finally, in an historical work, it might be possible to look up particular references instead of being confronted with only a bibliography.

Camp-followers

NORMAN BAKER:
Government and Contractors
The British Treasury and War Supplies 1775-1783.
274pp. Athlone Press. £4.

Times may change, but some relationships persist, and one of them is the relationship between a government and its suppliers. Norman Baker's work, though highly technical and based on exhaustive documentation, is therefore "relevant". From the Army brewing contracts under Queen Anne to the economics of the RB21 engine the fundamental issues and conflicts have been the same, and critics of government have made hay on the subject of contractors' profit margins in every age. Gibbon speaks of it in a famous passage about George of Capadocia who had an army contract for bacon. "The employment was mean: George made it infamous."

Professor Baker studies the history of British government contracting during the American War of Independence. Much was made of the subject by Lord North's opponents at the time, and the government was vigorously denounced by such opposition champions as Isaac Barré for awarding defence contracts on grossly favourable terms to its political friends—many of whom were actually members of the House of Commons. The verdict of the sober historian is less dramatic. Cases of political favouritism certainly occurred, as might be expected from a Treasury which had to combine the duty of ensuring a government majority with the res-

ponsibility for vetting contracts. The contracting methods followed in the early years of the war were defective, and the arrangements for maintaining the quality of deliveries were deplorably lax. But as the war went on the Treasury and the defence departments became tougher and more exigent. Measures of quality control were instituted, contract procedures were tightened up, and above all a determined effort was made to limit the profit margins. The great moment came in 1781 when a hard-fought Treasury Board managed to sweat the contract price of an army ration down to less than sixpence. It had been 6d.

Nevertheless the business was clearly profitable. Christopher Potter, one of the most celebrated contractors, "without being a baker by trade (in the words of his obituarist) contrived to acquire a considerable fortune by manufacturing bread for the army." But Professor Baker's careful review indicates that the profit margins were not inordinate, and lay in the range 8-15 per cent, rather than the figures of more than 60 per cent claimed by North's political opponents. Nor were the contractors always loyal voters for the government. Potter, for instance, entered Parliament against North's wishes, and more than once voted against the war.

Professor Baker's findings may be unexciting, but that is very often the outcome of a scrupulous review of the evidence. Certainly that has been achieved in this study, with the additional merit of elegant writing and clear presentation.

Along the line

HAROLD POLLINS:
Britain's Railways: An Industrial History
223pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £3.15.
J. de L. MANN:
The Cloth Industry in the West of England from 1640 to 1880
371pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £3.50.

Harold Pollins has produced a useful book for anyone wishing to obtain a general view of the economics of British railways from their origins to the present. The text is concise but meaty, and is supported by twenty-two tables and four maps. Some of the statistical information, for example on promotion and construction, railway employment and operating receipts and expenditure per train-mile, is not easily come by and is particularly valuable in elucidating the exact nature of the railways' operating problems. There are a number of factual errors, but in general the work's strong point is its presentation of a great deal of unusually precise material in a brief compass.

It is in this respect that the book will find its niche among specialized works on the economic history of railways. There is little here for the antiquarian treasure of technological trivia, but readers will gain insights from the careful examination of financial considerations, particularly those concerned with the relationships between costs, traffic and revenue, and the problems of achieving, and indeed of assessing, efficiency of operations.

Although the work is unique in taking the story right up to the late 1960s, this is somewhat offset by the unfortunately curtailed nature of the discussion. Within the space allotted, the author is unable to do justice to the complexity of the railways' problems since 1945. A similar weakness applies in the treatment of the interwar years when more might have been said of the railways' policies for passenger traffic. The division of the book into the three periods, 1825-1870, 1870-1920 and since 1920, has some justification, considering the changing monopoly position of the railways, but it somewhat obscures the working of long-term historical forces. For example, the author rightly stresses under-investment and the failure to modernize sufficiently as a basic weakness of British railways in the first half of the century, but, in so far as this was due to the railways' unprofitable character in

this period, much of the responsibility should be laid at the door of the over-investment and extravagant development in the preceding half-century.

Within its limits, a great deal of ground has been covered in this book, but it is a pity that it was not conceived on a larger scale, so that Mr Pollins could have taken the fullest advantage of his statistical materials and made a more penetrating examination of the historical factors in the twentieth-century malaise of the railways.

The old cloth districts of the West Country for long formed a major part of England's once greatest industry. It is an area evocative of early industrialism, the very names of Bradford-on-Avon and Trowbridge, Stroud, Frome, and Devizes recall the colourful accounts of Defoe, Young and Cobbett, and the mills of the 1790s still stand to intrigue the industrial archaeologist.

Many years of study of secondary sources as well as much patient research in the local records have gone into J. de L. Mann's carefully detailed history. She reveals numerous differences in the experience of the three counties, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire and Somerset, which made up the West Country cloth region. She provides also many valuable insights into the problems of change, dissenting, for example, the opposition of the workers to the introduction of the spinning jenny, the inadequacies of the early machinery, and the contrasting roles of government ministers and local authorities in dealing with labour disturbances.

The Cloth Industry in the West of England is unusually comprehensive, too, in providing figures (some of which relate also to Yorkshire) for cloth, exports, dimensions and weight of various qualities of cloth, numbers of hands employed in the different processes, wages, and the volume and cost of production. It might have been advantageous to the uninitiated reader if the informative sections on raw materials and the nature of the manufacturing processes had been placed first instead of last, so providing a useful basis for appreciating the problems of the later developments in the industry. And since much of the discussion is framed in terms of individual counties, it is a pity that the map does not show county boundaries. But these are minor blemishes on a book which adds enormously to our understanding of both the region and its premier industry.

In praise of insecurity

LUISE RINSER:
Boustelle
Eine Art Tagebuch 1967-70
390pp. Frankfurt: S. Fischer.
DM 24.

Keeping a diary is a highly self-conscious act. It is the attempt to separate the private from the public figure, to define the true self in the technique of one's inner world. The contents may range from the documentary personal thoughts to the documentation of ordinary daily events, but right across this spectrum lies an indelible personal imprint. No matter how stylized or disguised, the notion of self-confession is central.

Luise Rinsler's *Boustelle*, a "kind of diary" as she subtitles it, is no exception. The world is her confessional. In publishing what were originally jottings of her reactions to questions common to us all, she hopes to help the vulnerable in the dangerous frontline of change where

the struggle for new ideas is being fought. No utopian, she has no clear, programmatic conception of the future. Her aim is to reveal and underline the provisional, impermanent features of life. "I have been, in too many earthquakes", she says, "to wish to seek security to a firm house any more." Her diary is indeed a "building site" where her stored recollections and moral concerns; the materials with which to build a solid ethical structure, provided a plan is available. However, for Frau Rinsler, its lack need not be taken too tragically, for the old, so-called, absolute certainties have yielded to change wherein the well-being of men is placed above the security of institutions.

Deeply involved with life and committed to the idea of a form of Christian humanism, Frau Rinsler's credo is an existential: "to live here and now, or not to live at all." Her moral concern, however, drives her to pinpoint the indices of the gen-

eral ecorvation she has observed around her. Social fragmentation, the lack of social conscience, the anguish of experience and particularly the failure of her church to give credible guidance—all provide the impetus for a perceptive and often very moving evocation of the loss of faith in social progress, felt by the young today especially.

As might be expected, Frau Rinsler's diary is pervaded by a melancholy, often even macabre note. The pain she feels is not so much for herself, but for a world whose collective sense and reason seem so appallingly absent to her. We rationalize our fears of the unknown; squash our terror and horror away as the author squashes loads littering the night-road as she drives home. We do not look into the rear-view mirror. But at what cost?

For Frau Rinsler, today's lack of faith is of crucial concern. Like other Catholic writers in Germany, notably Heinrich Böll, she too questions her church and desires to change and humanize it—but not to leave it. Belief and a belief in mankind are not incompatible for her. The underground church with its roots firmly among the people is a source of comfort and hope. She sees its ultimate success as an example of "peaceful revolution." Feeling a deep respect for the dignity of every identity, Frau Rinsler's voice expresses loneliness, despair, and discontent; but finally it is her deep compassion that makes the greatest impact.

When Wales was Welsh

Norman County History
Volume 3: *The Middle Ages*
Edited by T. B. Pugh.
200pp. plus six maps and 33 plates.
University of Wales Press.
Glamorgan: County History
£12.

This is the second volume of a projected six-volume history of Glamorgan. Volume One appeared in 1966, and it was there that the author, in making the venture into the past, was faced with the problems of the large sum of work and enthusiasm, and in the Glamorgan County Council's need for future publication.

The subject of the volume is the lordship of Glamorgan and Morgannwg, the greatest of the Marcher lordships of South Wales, and the allied lordship of Gower and Kilyew; from the Norman Conquest to the Act of Union of England and Wales of 1536. Put another way, it starts with the probes and assaults of such Normans as William Fitzosbern and Robert Fitzhamon on the kings and princes of Morgannwg, and ends with the son of a North Welshman who the throne of England formally incorporated Wales and the Welsh into his domain.

The first five chapters deal with the secular and ecclesiastical history of the two lordships, which after some hundreds of years and their attendant economic, political and geographical expansions and contractions would come to constitute the county of Glamorgan. This complicated narrative has been shared by J. Beverley Smith, Michael Altschul, F. G. Cowley, Glamorgan Williams,

worked largely from original sources, whose abundance and complexity are charted in 120 double-column pages of text, annotation. *The Middle Ages* is clearly indispensable for the medieval history of Glamorgan and of Wales.

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T. B. Pugh and W. R. B. Robinson. Two further chapters deal with the social structure of medieval Glamorgan (R. R. Davies and Dr Smith) and with its medieval boroughs (Ralph A. Griffiths and Mr Robinson). Then come accounts of the region's ecclesiastical architecture (L. A. S. Butler) and of its castles (D. B. Hague), which range from the formidable immensity of Caerphilly and the eccentric splendours of Cardiff to the tumbled walls and arches and tumbledown towers scattered like breadcrumbs over the challengingly named Vale. There is a chapter of unexpected length and a considerable learning by Ceri W. Lewis on Morgannwg's literary tradition, including (rightly) Geoffrey of Monmouth and the great Lusitator, Iolo Morgannwg himself; and the ornate part of the text closes with T. B. Pugh's chapter on *The End of the Middle Ages, 1485-1536*.

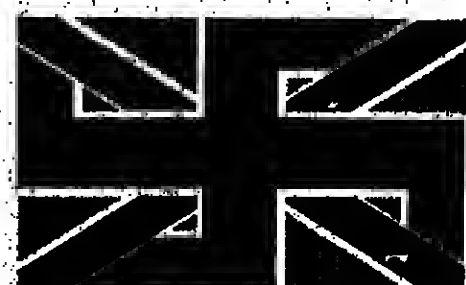
Congratulations are due to all concerned. *The Middle Ages* is not merely a compilation of high quality. It is an impressive-looking volume which has learned much from the Victoria County History of England; large without clumsiness, roomy without waste. The learned apparatus of notes and index is followed by six maps and thirty-three pages of plates.

TRUTH WINS another of its victories over fiction."

That is from the TLS review of
THE DOUBLE-CROSS SYSTEM
by J.C. Masterman £2.95

This account of the triumph of the British Secret Service in World War 2 has been called "rewarding, fascinating, compulsively readable, frightening, remarkable and a triumph" by the reviewers. One of them has called it "more thrilling than a thriller simply because it is the real thing." In other words,

TRUTH WINS another of its victories."



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The literary uses of computers

BY A. J. AITKEN

Beyond the concordance

In general this section of the Symposium demonstrated a tendency to explore fields of literary computer use, no one title put it, "beyond the concordance". Not one imagines

Then there is the problem of "output". From the computer itself this can be in the form of magnetic tape compactly storing the output data in coded form. Several papers glanced at the possibility of publishing some or all of the results of a computer-aided piece of literary research simply in the form of a copy of a master magnetic tape. The purchaser can then interrogate the file at his own local compiling center, using whatever standard or ad hoc procedures

he chooses. Or he can have his copy of the magnetic tape converted by his local centre into "hard copy" of the whole or any part of the original output, as and whenever this is required. In compactness of storage, adaptability and freedom from error this has great advantages over publication by conventional typesetting. It seems likely that it may become a standard form of publication of specialist compiler-produced reference works, for which there is anticipated only inlaminated demand from a limited number of users.

But there is no escaping the necessity for converting the output at some point from computer-readable to human-readable form. Standard dot-printers can provide, after a fashion, output in alphabetic script. One paper presented to the Symposium dealt with the facilities for producing concordances to works in exotic scripts such as the Persian form of Arabic, available to all British Universities from the Atlas Laboratory.

Publishing the output

As was illustrated by many of the projects described at this Symposium, the principal output from literary data processing—for example for concordances—is a commonly extremely voluminous mass of data, which tends to result in an unwieldy mass of paper, often presenting quite serious problems of storage. As an alternative to publication of the magnetic tape itself, a rather conveniently publishable form of this output is by microfiche. One important paper dealt with the plans for making generally available in computer-generated microfiche and magnetic-tape form the "Michigan" Early Modern English Materials, a collection of three million-plus citations built up in the 1920s and 1930s by the University of Michigan's still edited and unpublished Dictionary of Early Modern English (1475-1700).

The same speaker alluded also to another existing, if not yet widely

One speaker devoted his paper to a plan for making centres of research computing than those of the Cambridge University Library. The Linguistic Computing Centre at perhaps the only Institution at present existence in the English-speaking world exclusively devoted to this work, though centres of this kind exist in a number of other countries. The Symposium was held at the University of Leiden. The University of Leiden, the Centre de Traitement Electronique des Documents of the Catholic University of Louvain. The speaker proposed that British scholars engaged in work of this kind should band themselves together to gather and share knowledge. He suggested that the study for such a Union to knowledge

By the end of her book Miss Stroud can say with some complacency that the younger Dance's genius "is now universally acknowledged." Yet the extent and nature of his achievement is singularly hard to judge for the modern student to grasp—above all because we can now see so shockingly little of his work on the ground. Almost all Dance's major—and minor—buildings have been destroyed, and of the few that have left hardly one has escaped a large-scale dilapidation. (Part of Guildhall School was destroyed in 1941, and what remained went as recently as 1969, and, where Miss Stroud was writing, the whole was designed for his brother-in-law Piccadilly was under threat—perhaps it too has now disappeared.) It is not hard to see from photographs that Newington Gaol must have been of a grandeur to match the nearby and equally to-be-lamented Bunk of England by Dance's great pupil: its majestic grimness seems to have been rather like that of the early Renaissance fortress-palaces in Florence. But it is only one building, even if his greatest; and it is a specialist answer to so special a problem.

tem that by itself it might almost justify Fergusson's absurd dismissal of it (quoted by Miss Stroud) as an architectural fluke.

Dance's "genius" was not of the kind that produces a momentary flare and then slinks down into mediocrity. One thing we find out from Miss Stroud is how constantly he was experimenting and innovating, in planning as in architecture—something all the more remarkable in one whose commissions were so largely governed by the erasing hand of local authority. Dance was the first to introduce crescents and crescents into the planning of London—at first (following a visit to Bath) on a tiny scale in the Moories, but later more grandly in Finsbury. He seems also to have been the first to design a civic building (or part of one) in self-conscious Gothic, albeit of funny kind. The entire piece of Guildhall has not pleased everyone (Gugh, of course, thought it simply abominable), but it has a pecky individual charm most welcome in the faceless London of the seventies. Dance's Gothic was perhaps not very inventive, to be sure, but for example, to have been able to think of only one kind of turret, and enormously lengthened Victorian pillar box—but he must have had some real sense of the structural logic of the Gothic style, which is rarely apparent in the gimcrack paper-matched castles of his contemporaries.

Dance's real importance, however, is surely as a forerunner of neo-classicism. A forerunner he essentially seems, though he lived and worked on until the 1820s and was only a dozen years Soane's senior. Miss Stroud points out that already by 1763, when Dance gained a gold medal in Parma for his competition design for a public gallery, "the excellent . . . elevations . . . show, by the simplicity of their masonry and the absence of a central emphasis, that Dance had already absorbed neo-classical principles". Within two years All Hallows, London Wall, had set Dance "among the earliest exponents of neo-classicism in his country". Miss Stroud hardly helps us to understand why this church was so advanced, for she seems to equate its importance to its major architectural innovations and such an oddity as the placing of that pulpit against the north wall and the preacher's consequent need to disappear through the wall to reach it. Soane, as Miss Stroud reminds us, was at first startled by these novelties (not the pulpit), but then came to see their rightness: "not only the eye was pleased but the judgment was satisfied with this example of refined taste". Soane's training in the rules of architecture, therefore, at first resisted but was finally overcome by the power of original design.

The lesson is most instructive, as is all the evidence of Soane's debt to Dance. Admirers of those characteristically Soanian domes in the Old Colonial and Old Dividend offices of the Bank of England, in which the pendants conformed uninterrupted into the surface of the vault, will note that Dance had done the same with the dome of the Old Bank.

oil Chamlair at Gnikkhill as early as 1777, though the effect was neutralized and largely spoilt by the paintings which Alderman Boydell insisted on." Boydell did, however, provide Duncanson with the opportunity of making one of his most remarkable neo-classical designs, for the long, destroyed Shakespeare Gallery in Pall Mall, which looks forward to it, if it did not actually influence, the somewhat later work of Thomas Harrison and a host of nineteenth-century followers.

Even if Dance's genius is everywhere acknowledged it is still not very easy to say why he is important. Except on Soane, and to a lesser extent Smirke, his direct influence seems to have been small; but the main exception can be argued to be the most important thing of all. Dance assuredly did not have the commanding genius of Soane; yet Soane would have been, at the least, a very different architect, if not a smaller one, had he not had the benefit of Dance's training, example and friendship. Of the latter there is no more eloquent and moving demonstration, than in his gentle but firm refusal, when Soane in a somewhat underhand way sought to gain advantage for himself and tried to enlist Dance's aid:

I know of but one rule that comprehends all moral duties, do as you would be done by. And the influence of this principle I cannot do what you desire. I feel that *I ought not*; in every thing that I am to serve or oblige you, will do not interfere with the rule of right, shall always from real regard and friendship be eager to stand forward. In this case I wish from my soul you would not stand up to mortification of the individual. You do not want such means to forward your reputation and I am sure it will be considered as invidious, if you force yourself into this business.

How fine and clear this is in its scrupulous concern for what is right and just, yet how free from primness and any sense of superiority. Miss Stroud gives us just enough of Dance's letter to make it wish for ten times as many; and regret all the more the space given up, to the churchwardens and sub-committees.

Fox and other Quaker leaders, and an imprisonment in Newgate, after which Perrot went into voluntary exile in America. His own writings, many passages from which are incorporated, have helped Kenneth Carroll in producing this study of his troubled life.

Collecting

HALL, JOHN. *Staffordshire Portrait Figures*.
DESMOND, KAY. *Dolls and Dolls Houses*.
DAVIS, DEREK C. *English Bottles and Decanters 1650-1900*.
REILLY, RONIN. *Wedgwood Jasper*. 80pp. Charles Letts. £1.50 each.

Charles Letts have diversified from dairies into the field of books for the collector. The first four volumes of their new "Collectors' Guides" are now to hand. Each contains an introduction and some sixty coloured illustrations with full descriptions. The texts are written by specialist dealers. The illustrations are excellent. These booklets can be strongly recommended to new collectors and are very good value.

Costume

EDWARDS, T. J. *Regimental Badges.* 358pp. Charles Knight. £2.80.

T. J. Edwards's authentic and comprehensive catalogue of the badges of the regiments (now mostly gone or amalgamated) of the British Army is now reprinted from the first edition. Each badge is illustrated and accompanied by a brief but accurate historical description, the whole being introduced by a short general survey of the evolution of badges since primitive times.

Economics

FLEMING, J. MARCUS. *Essays in International Economics.* 358pp. Allen and Unwin. £4.50.

This collection of essays by the University of Cambridge's first and last Director of the Research

Department of the International Monetary Fund is of considerable importance. It consists of a series of contributions chiefly to the theory of international trade, under three major headings. The first is on the costs and benefits of restrictions on trade, the second concerns the possibilities of international monetary reform, and the third discusses the ways in which adjustments to the balance of payments affect the domestic economy.

The topicality of these essays is partly, of course, accidental; but it shows clearly that any economist who had kept up with Dr Fleming's work over the years, and with the developments to which it was chiefly a reaction, would be well able to understand the real series of economic events which have led the world into the present systems of floating exchange rates—to striking contradiction to what was the conventional wisdom in almost all countries a year ago. Indeed the last essay, on the reason for wider exchange rate margins, largely suggests the steps which have recently been taken to sort out the situation.

English
ROSE, IVAN. *A Style of Your Own*.
 164pp. Nowtong Abbot: David and
 Charles. £1.95.

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